WHAT IS PICTURE No. 52 IN OUR £5 A WEEK FOR LIFE PRIZE CONTEST?

UM-
REE'S
OME-
POTTED
MEATS
OLD EVERYWHERE
PLUMTREE
SOUTHPORT

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"NO BETTER FOOD."
DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.
FRY'S
PURE
CONCENTRATED
Cocoa
Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.
[illegible]

No. 662.] [illegible] WEEK ENDING MARCH 26, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

[illegible]

is strength-food.

"Britain's BEST Bicycle"

The Aero-Special is a fully guaranteed Roadster weighing 25 lbs. completely equipped.

Rudge-Whitworth

Standards 10 Gns.
Specials 13 Gns.
Aero-Specials 16 Gns.

[illegible] and full information on application to
RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd., COVENTRY.

REFRESHING—NOURISHING—SUSTAINING

Cadbury's Cocoa

ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL ADMIXTURES SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.

THE LANCET (May 27th, 1905) says: "The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."

Insist on having CADBURY'S (sold only in Packets and Tins), as other Cocoas are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

Gold Plate Cigarettes

10 for 3d.

We invite you to buy them because they are good, not because they are cheap.

GALLAHER LTD., THE INDEPENDENT FIRM.

THE WORLD IS WIDE BUT THE SAME OF THE
JOHN NOBLE MANUFACTURE
Noble's New Catalogue
POST FREE ON APPLICATION
A Full Dress Length, 7/6.
PATTERNS POST FREE.
JOHN NOBLE LTD.
MODEL 1771
MODEL 962.
MODEL 1809.
THE J.N. KNOCKABOUT FROCKS.
9/11.
JOHN NOBLE LTD. MANCHESTER

Does this interest you?— —Or this?

GOLD and GRAMOPHONES given away. See Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

GOLD and GRAMOPHONES given away. See Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

No. 662. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 26, 1903. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

HIS ACCIDENT.

A KEEN old Scottish curler, who always appeared on the ice with a cap having useful flaps, which he pulled down over his ears, appeared one day in new head-gear.

"Hullo!" said a friend, "where's ye're auld lug warmer?"

"Ah! I've never worn it since my accident."

"Accident? I'm sorry to hear of it; what was it?"

"A man offered me a drink, an' wi' they dashed flaps, I didna hear him."

"YOUR voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping!"

"Yes, sir," replied the subordinate, saluting. "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all the morning."

FAIR CRITIC: "I like that little spot there." (Pointing.)

Artist (alarmed): "Pardon me, but you must not touch the picture!"

Fair Critic: "Oh! it doesn't matter; I have got my gloves on!"

THE SLIPPERS DID IT.

"CHARLES," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband in a railway carriage, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway carriage?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't; but don't you remember it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day, when we were going to a picnic, you had your feet up on a seat, and when you weren't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married."

A young unmarried man, sitting by, immediately took down his feet from a seat.

FIGG: "What a peculiar man Dunder is! He has a sovereign contempt for anybody who doesn't know as much as he does."

Fogg: "I should think he would."

RECTOR'S WIFE (to village grocer): "Well, I hope that you like the new curate?"

Grocer: "Yes, ma'am, thank you, we like him very well"—pause—"not, however, that I think he's as fluent as we had a right to expect, seeing as his father was an auctioneer."

TWO OF A TRADE.

A WELL-KNOWN artist lately purchased a cottage in a little village, and had the front of the building newly painted. A few days later he was told that the painter wished to see him, and the man was so obstinate in his request that there was nothing to do but to grant it.

"Well?" said the master of the house, rather shortly.

"I hope you like the job," said the painter, with a mysterious smile.

He was informed that it appeared to be all right.

"I always do good work," said the painter virtuously. "But this here house, mister—I rather throwed myself on this when I found out who you was."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. The chemist round the corner told me that you was a painter, and one of the best he knows. So I asked him why you didn't paint your own house, and he said you'd risen above that kind o' work, and hadn't much time for anything but picters. So when I found you was in the trade I did my best. And here is the bill. It's a fair price, but you being a sort of brother of the brush, so to speak, I'll knock off a couple of shillin's."

To the everlasting credit of the celebrated artist, he kept his face straight, and accepted the reduction in the spirit in which it was offered.

All rights reserved.]

MY FLEET.

My gallant bark sailed out at morn,
Out on the tide;
Fair blew the wind, serene the skies,
I laughed in pride,
The welcome waves like faithful friends
Rolled in its track;
The ship was Youth—I watched in vain,
It came not back.

Still brave of heart a second craft
I sent to sea,
A passing Captain spoke it once,
Such is report;
Though signalled oft, my ship of Hope
Comes not to port.

Then, feeling deep, and anxious much
To do my best,
A loyal fleet with Captains bold
Sailed in the West,
The big four masters, "Industry,"
"Economy,"
"Ambition," "Fame," they, too, were lost;
Alas for me!

But Faith unmoved persuaded me
To try again.
And so the ship of Love I sent
Across the main,
Quick the return and loaded deep,
With Charity;
Oh! happy ship, fitted to bear
Life's argosy.

JOHNSON: "But why do you carry two watches?"

Jackson: "I keep one slow to go to work by, and the other fast to leave work by."

NEW HATS LEFT EARLY.

IN THE LOBBY. "My hat, please."

"Here, sir."

"That isn't mine."

"Excuse me. Here it is."

"That isn't it, either."

"This one, then? No? What kind of a hat was it?"

"A new one, with white silk lining."

"What! A new hat at nine o'clock! I ask your pardon; but here, all the new hats are always taken away before eight."

DE GARRY: "Why is it that when a fellow is alone with a girl he loves they seldom play cards?"

Merritt: "Because if they did she would have to hold her own hand."

CAN YOU GET INTO A LIFEBUOY?

THE average person in danger of drowning usually attempts to lift a lifebuoy over his head, with the result that he is immediately plunged deeper into the water. A good swimmer can do this with a sudden upward jerk, but with the non-swimmer it is almost an impossible feat.

What he should do when he has seized the buoy is to place both hands palms downwards on the buoy on the part nearest the body, pressing it downwards and slightly away, when the further part of the buoy will rise out of the water and actually fall over the head; the arms can then be put through easily, "and there you are."

Life-buoys are usually found hanging about piers, harbours and bathing-places, usually with a small line attached. Great care should be taken in throwing a buoy to a drowning person so as not to strike him with it, and unless the person is very close the buoy should be thrown a little beyond him and then immediately drawn to the person by the small line generally attached.

OLD CRUSTEIGH: "How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night in the dark?"

Young Gayboy: "Gad, now that I've seen her by daylight, I wonder myself!"

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

IT was Fair time in Selkirk, and Sandy and his sweetheart were wandering round, arm-in-arm, enjoying the sights.

Presently they espied a smart-looking pie shop, which they promptly entered.

Sandy ordered one pie, sat down, and commenced to eat it.

Meanwhile the girl looked shyly on. "Is't fine, Sandy?" she timidly asked.

"Ay, 'tis awfu' fine, Jennie," he answered. "Ye should buy one!"

ENVIOUS YOUNG MAN (speaking of favoured rival): "Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is abominably conceited."

Sharp Young Lady: "But, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever would not you be conceited?"

HERBERT: "Did you get what you wanted yesterday?"

Horatio: "Didn't even get what I deserved."

Herbert: "You'll hardly get that in this world, you know. I should think you'd want to stave it off as long as possible."

SOOTHING HER NERVES.

A WELL-KNOWN humourist happened to be riding in a railway carriage which held one of those ladies who travel in fear of collisions.

At every jolt or sudden stop she cried out: "Have we left the metals? Is it an accident? Are we going to be killed?"

Her fellow-passenger paid no attention, but remained wrapped in solemn silence. Presently the lady said to him:

"And you, sir, are you not afraid of railway accidents?"

"Not I, madam," answered the other reassuringly. "It has been foretold that I am to die on the scaffold!"

The nervous lady changed carriages at the next station!

SCENE: Lonely mansion in suburbs. Time: 12.15 a.m.

Housebreaker: "Excuse me, mum, for interruptin' yer, but if yer intend agoin' ter bed I wish yer'd go. Time is precious, an' me an' my pal has got two other jobs on han' to-night when we gets done here."

SCHOOLMASTER: "What is a widower?"

Pupil: "A widderer is a man wot ain't got a widder."

Schoolmaster: "Oh! indeed—then what is a widow?"

Pupil: "A widder is a woman wot wants a widderer."

JOHNNY SCORED.

HIS name was Johnny, and he was the idol of his mother's heart, in spite of what the neighbours might say to his detriment.

"You'll get my bread to-day before returning to school, John," remarked his mother to the boy, while he indulged in his midday meal.

"Yes, mother," answered he, and shortly went forth to carry out his mother's wishes.

"A quartern of bread—yesterday's, please," murmured John, sweetly, as he tendered fivepence-halfpenny in payment of the two loaves forthcoming.

"Bread has gone up, my boy, one halfpenny," remarked Mr. Dough, as he held out his hand for the needful balance.

"When?" queried John, thoughtfully, as the prospect of a distasteful double journey flashed across his mind.

"This morning, my lad—if that is any consolation."

Johnny's face brightened visibly. "Yes, I think it is," he remarked spasmodically, "for it was yesterday's bread I ordered."

The baker concluded he had no claim.

The competition which starts in Tuesday's SHORT STORIES does not consist of pictures—it is something new.

FINAL INSTALMENT.

IN SOCIETY'S WHIRLPOOL.

Being the True Confessions of a Society Money-lender's Wife.

As many of the characters in these articles are persons living to-day (some of whose real names you would recognise in your daily paper if they were given here), it has been considered necessary for obvious reasons to adopt fictitious names throughout.

Sladen and I Exchange Candid Opinions.

I WAITED an hour for Lionel's return, but when he did not put in an appearance then, I felt that it would be unwise to remain any longer at his house, even though I had to leave Millie in a state of painful anxiety. But I dared not let Sladen reach home before me, for, as I was still wearing afternoon dress, I could not pretend that I had been to Mrs. Donald's dance, and it was decidedly unwise to provoke awkward questions.

Besides, if I were in bed before Sladen's return, I should not have to endure an interview before I had time to think of what the morrow might have in store. So when I reached home, at a quarter past twelve, I was very glad to find that I had anticipated Sladen's arrival.

When we met next morning at breakfast-time, we both seemed to be in very good spirits. On my side, the cheerfulness was entirely fictitious. But I fancied things might be very different with Sladen, for he probably believed himself to be finally rid of a serious danger, and that Miranda would not be in a position to give him any further trouble.

He was also still unsuspicious of certain impending revelations, so it is probable that he felt quite as satisfied as he looked.

"Are your arrangements for to-day completed?" he asked me, when breakfast was over. "If not, I would like you to call upon the Hon. Mrs. Clangilliard this afternoon. Her husband has been plunging heavily of late, and you can help me to make a good thing out of them."

"I know! You want me to worm myself into her confidence, and suggest you as the saviour of her husband's fortunes. But I decline to assist your swindling operations any further, Mr.—Mr. Grimston, and I will not call upon Mrs. Clangilliard at your bidding!"

"Dare to defy me again like that," he hissed, "and your punishment shall exceed anything you have ever pictured."

The man's words and aspect were terrifying in the extreme, and I could quite believe that Miranda Zonah had seen him in just such a mood when she warned me not to marry him, "if I valued my life."

But I was placed very differently from what she was, for I had many friends who would make a great public outcry if I disappeared under suspicious circumstances. And, as for physical violence, well, if that proceeded too far, was there not a houseful of servants almost within instant call?

This being so, my courage and my contempt both rose to the occasion, and my lip curled defiantly as I retorted:

"Release my hand this instant, Mr. Grimston. And remember that I am not a helpless girl of the people, who may be played with until tired of, and then discarded like an old glove, in favour of a more promising union!"

This shaft did not tell quite as much as I had expected it to do. In fact, it seemed to make very little impression on my hearer, though he certainly adopted a less threatening attitude towards me.

"If Lady Alma Grimston, *née* St. Maurice, imagines that idea to be new to me," he sneered, "I beg she will correct the erroneous impression. It was precisely because she occupied a high position that I married her, and for none but business reasons would I have condescended to enter the family of which she enjoys the doubtful privilege of being the least obnoxious member. But all this bravado on your part, my dear, is probably nothing but the outcome of a fit of dyspepsia, and when I come in to lunch, I shall expect to find you as fully alive to your own interests as ever."

Another moment, and Sladen had gone, leaving me to wonder why I had been foolish enough to provoke him to wrath just when it behoved me to lull him into a blind condition of false security.

Luckily for the state of my nerves, I was not long left "to chew the bitter cud of my own reflections," for Lionel called to see me, and I took care to converse with him in the privacy of my own boudoir, with the door closed behind us.

"I know you are dying to hear all the news I can tell you," he began, "and I am glad to have plenty of progress to report. When you left me at Battersea station last night, I had quite an exciting time of it. Grimston and Bergerson——"

"Yes, I know all about that," I interrupted, "I watched you enter a cab and follow the carriage into which these vile creatures had lured their victim, Miranda. What occurred afterwards?"

"My word, Alma, but you are a very determined person when you make up your mind to do a thing. You——"

"Don't waste time, please. We cannot afford it."

"Very well, then, we followed the conspirators to a private house near Lavender Hill, and, dropping Smee and one of his assistants at a convenient swerve of the road, ordered our cabby to drive straight on. This had the effect of dispelling any suspicion that we were tracking the other vehicle, but Smee and I contrived to meet later on and compare notes. The house to which Miranda was taken is an old mansion, standing in its own grounds, and surrounded by a high wall; a fitting prison for a dazed and helpless woman. Probably it is the same house from which the unhappy creature escaped."

"And did you leave her there?"

"Certainly. It was not our game to ruin matters by being precipitate, so we set a watch on the place to prevent the prisoner from being spirited away without our knowledge. Smee has by this time made certain preparations, and I am going straight from here to join him. What time do you expect Sladen home?"

"He is coming back to lunch."

"That does not give us much time, but we will try to manage it. Mind you stop in yourself, and I will go at once to assist in Miranda's liberation."

"One moment! How did you know that she was being taken to Battersea Station?"

"Smee's assistant saw a telegram delivered at Bergerson's house. He happened to be on very good terms with the telegraph clerk at the local post office, and had little difficulty in ascertaining the contents of that particular telegram when he quietly hinted that the interests of the police demanded it. 'Have M. ready for Battersea train, usual time,' said the wire. The London and South-Western line was the only available one from that neighbourhood to Battersea, and, if all the incoming trains after that were watched, we were pretty certain of our quarry."

"I see. I'm glad that poor girl's troubles will soon be at an end, and I shall be more than glad, I shall be thankful, in spite of the sensation there will be, to be free from that man again. But you must not forget that we have terms to make."

"I am not forgetting that. It is only in the event of Sladen's refusing to accept the terms that will be offered him, that I shall spring exposure upon him. And, Sis, as soon as all this is settled, I'm going to make a clean breast about Millie."

The Final Crash.

How I got through the next few hours I do not know. I was sure that every moment was fateful. But the issue of the events now taking place was full of terrifying possibilities, and I paced my boudoir in such a fever of impatience that Natalie regarded me with alarm.

It was a relief to both of us when I decided to be dressed as elaborately as it is permissible to dress while the day is yet young.

"You can leave me now," I said to Natalie, when my toilet was at length completed. And no sooner was I alone than I began to make hurried preparations against the sudden reverse which threatened me.

I have already mentioned Sladen's fluctuating liberality in the matter of jewellery, and my own careful accumulation of everything that was of great value. Most of my diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, representing an enormous sum of money, had been banked in my own name, and, whatever happened, I felt confident of being able to realise a modest competence from them.

I had also conserved most of my pin money of late, and had over a thousand pounds to the good, so I felt that I was making a sensible provision for contingencies when I secreted my cheque-book within the bodice of my pale blue bengaline tea-gown.

Oddly enough, however, I could not find the vouchers for the deposit of my jewellery, and I was still making frantic search for them when Sladen suddenly entered the dressing-room wherein I was busy. At the same moment the lunch-bell rang, and my husband and I went downstairs.

I was very uneasy about the disappearance of the vouchers, and a glance at Sladen's grim, set face, did not tend to remove my uneasiness.

Was it possible, I wondered, that Sladen himself had abstracted the duplicate vouchers? And, if so, could I be sure that he had not tricked me out of the possession of the treasures which I had fondly believed to be my own inalienable property?

Sladen was apparently as abstracted as I was myself. But he was less prepared than I was for some of the events which followed, and I had a fair idea of what to expect when one of the footmen announced two visitors for Mr. Sladen, a lady and gentleman.

"Show them into the library," said Sladen, rising from his seat in great perturbation at sight of the two names on the card which was sent up. My eyesight is very good, and a rapid glance over my husband's shoulder, at the card, revealed two names to me—one printed, and the other written under it.

"Yes, show them into the library," I echoed. "We will be with them directly."

My husband waited for the servant to be out of sight, then he observed coolly: "Pardon me, my dear, but we will dispense with your presence. These people only want to see me."

"And pardon me," I returned haughtily, "if I insist upon joining you. There is a great deal that I want to say to Mr. Bergerson and his sister."

I astonished Sladen at breakfast time, but he was positively amazed at me now, and would have probably resorted to strong measures to keep me in order, had we not suddenly heard sounds of violent altercation in the hall below.

Sladen turned as pale as death, and I knew that a prevision of actual disaster had struck him, for he simply ran downstairs, without looking whether I followed him or not. Yet, for the moment, there was nothing more terrible to be seen than my brother Lionel, who was voicing his satisfaction at having over-reached the confused couple upon whom he had suddenly sprung his wrath.

"You cur!" he was saying. "You find it an easy matter to decoy a woman to ruin, do you? But, thank God, there was help at hand for her, and she is out of your power now."

"For Heaven's sake," whispered Sladen, "come into the library. There is no need to spout your madness before the servants."

So to the library we all adjourned, and it then transpired that Miranda had been released by Lionel and his assistants that morning, and that the Bergersons were here to report her escape.

Scarcely were these explanations over than there was quite a crowd of new arrivals. First came Millie, drawing the frightened and reluctant Miranda after her. Behind them came Smee, and, still further in the background, I could see, by looking past my husband, the Countess of Lirrel, Ronald Grey, and several policemen.

What they all wanted here was more than I could tell. But I knew that all chance of making any sort of terms with Sladen was over, and that if the future of the House of Ebondale was not provided for, it never would be provided for now. Nevertheless, I was destined to be considerably astonished.

"Come in, Miranda," said Lionel, "you have nothing to be afraid of. Tell me, do you see your husband?"

The woman, losing her timidity, stepped forward now, and said firmly: "Yes, this is he. His real name is Dickinson. That is his sister, and that is his brother."

I watched eagerly to see what Sladen would say when convicted of bigamy. But picture my feelings when I saw that it was not Sladen, but the other man whom she claimed for her husband!

"But why," I cried desperately, "why did you warn me so earnestly against marrying Sladen Grimston—I mean John F. Dickinson—when you had no claim on him?"

Miranda, still looking much bewildered, said slowly: "I warned you because I knew what a bad man you were marrying. But for him my husband would not have deserted me, and I know that no woman's life is safe with him, for I over heard him urging William to put me out of the way, and rid them of all danger of betrayal! My husband is bad enough, but there is a worse man than he—and that is his brother."

"Yes, that is his brother," put in Lady Lirrel's voice, hoarse with mingled triumph and rage. "And they are both at the end of their tether. They have both masqueraded under other names long enough, and shall now have their deserts. With you, William Dickinson, or with you, Anna Dickinson, I have nothing to do. But it is different where John F. Dickinson is concerned. He it was who ruined my husband and drove him to suicide, and it is for that that I have sworn never to rest till I have brought ruin upon him in return. That cur, Ronald Grey, betrayed some knowledge of him, and, much against his will, for he could have got more by keeping faith with villainy, he has been compelled to disclose all he knew. Officers, do your duty."

"So it has come at last!" exclaimed Sladen defiantly. "Very well, I accept defeat—all the more cheerfully too because I am not alone in my downfall. You, my lady, imagine yourself at least beyond the reach of want. Dispel the idea at once. I have forged your signatures to both vouchers and cheques, and you will find neither money nor jewels when you apply for them. And you, Lord Canonbury, may perhaps like to hear how I have employed all my spare time of late.

"I have realised everything that could be realised, and I shall know where to find my wealth whenever I have the chance of seeking it. One of the things I have done is to sell every fraction of property that ever belonged to your family, and you are nothing but a nest of beggars. Your father already knows of his good fortune, and, whatever befalls, none of the St. Maurices will ever be able to consider themselves the superiors in cunning of Sladen Grimston, the philanthropic millionaire, alias John F. Dickinson, the man who defrauded the Coliseum Building Society of £250,000, and used the money to befool the flower of the British aristocracy. Now then, men, I am ready."

Finale.

THERE is little more to tell, but that little spells tragedy. My husband, for being the principal in a series of colossal frauds, was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. William Dickinson is serving eight, and Anna Dickinson has also been given leisure to repent her cruel treatment of Miranda, who is now living with her uncle Zonah and his worthy wife.

In having found such friends as these, William Dickinson's wife has at least been more fortunate than I am, for few people have had such great sorrows and reverses as mine. On the very day which witnessed my husband's downfall my father received what proved to be his death blow, for he had been told, with fiendish candour, of the manner in which his once-prized possessions had been juggled out of his reach, and had learnt that all hope of ever seeing his family resume its former independent status had gone for ever.

That he had received value in excess of all that he had lost is no excuse for the manner in which he was tricked. His son-in-law had always led him to regard his loans as gifts, and but for being thus deceived, he would never have fallen into such irreparable ruin.

As it was, the shock was more than he could survive, and my unfortunate mother soon followed him to the grave. Happily, although the splendid house in Park Lane, with all its costly furniture, was seized by the creditors who had blindly trusted Sladen to an unlimited extent, under the belief that he was a millionaire, I was able to retain my clothes and a small quantity of jewellery. Ready money there proved to be none, but I realised what I could into cash, and my mother did not actually experience want before she died.

Lionel was now the Earl of Ebondale, and his little son was Lord Canonbury. But the honour was an empty one, for even the West Kensington house had to be given up, and, with a few rooms full of furniture saved from the general wreck, we set up a home in a cheap flat.

This being so, we all dropped our titles, and as we had already dropped out of the ken of our former friends, there was nobody likely to rob us of that veil of obscurity which is certainly the greatest mercy so disgraced and unhappy a woman as I can crave.

I once thought it a misfortune that my brother had married a girl of the people. How many a time of late have I had cause to bless the circumstance! For there never was a wife who did more than Millie to prove her devotion. She insisted on trying her luck at the theatre again, and Lionel proved himself a man by going into the same chorus, so between them they earn enough to keep the wolf from the door.

But I shrink from the publicity of the footlights, and am hoping to do my share towards keeping up our little home by selling these memoirs. If I succeed, I shall feel that I am not quite useless in the world. If I fail—but, dear Heaven, I must not fail, for I think my heart will break if this way of earning my bread is denied me!

THE END.

All the back numbers containing the pictures in the £5 a Week for Life contest may be obtained through your newsvendor.

Startling Suggestions for Employing the Unemployed.

A Scheme to Dig a Huge Hole to the Centre of the Earth.

And to Build a Road Right Across America.

At a mass meeting of unemployed held recently at Poplar Town Hall a speaker suggested that the Government should build a road right round the coast of England.

It would provide labour, he said, for fifty years.

No doubt. But it is permissible to wonder whether the already overburdened British taxpayer would be able to foot the bill without breaking down altogether.

To acquire the land for such an undertaking would alone run into hundreds of millions of pounds. The grading, excavating, and tunnelling would cost hundreds of millions more. And, after all, of what practical use would it be when it was finished? Very little indeed, it is to be presumed, judging from other experiments of a like kind.

For it must not be supposed that there is anything particularly novel in the suggestion, bizarre as it sounds. Indeed, a similar plan was actually carried into effect, at least partially, as regards Ireland.

It was during the dark days of the great famine, and the road, to be paid for by public money, was originally

intended to circle the Sister Isle.

The only portion completed, however, was that from Larne to Cushendall in Antrim. It cost, mile for mile, more than any surface railway ever built.

And its principal use to-day is to enable cyclists and motorists to travel by way of the coast—thereby enjoying the wild scenery of that beautiful region—to the far-famed Giant's Causeway.

A broad highway straight across the American Continent, from New York to San Francisco, has long been a dream with the labour unions of the United States.

It would, they argue, act as a sort of safety-valve to industry.

When ordinary work was slack, the workers would flock to the particular section in process of construction nearest their homes.

When the pendulum swung the other way, and work was plentiful and wages high, its construction could be suspended without hurting anyone.

It was not to be an ordinary road, however, but such a highway as should do credit to the nation and to its constructors.

"General" Coxey, who originated the scheme, thought that it should be at least a thousand feet wide, metalled throughout over a concrete bed, and flanked on either side by parapets of granite

six feet high and three feet thick.

In vain did President Cleveland, who went carefully into the matter, point out to the Coxeyites that the construction of such a road would "cost eight hundred billion dollars and bankrupt Christendom."

Their leader, if a mistaken man, was at all events a determined one, and when his cherished idea was contemptuously rejected he actually induced fifty thousand persons to undertake a seven hundred mile march to Washington, with blankets on their backs, with a view to terrorise Congress into initiating this extraordinary experiment.

In 1848, when distress was unusually rife in England, a remarkable scheme for its amelioration was pressed upon Lord John Russell, the then Prime Minister, by a certain Jules Braile, a Belgian domiciled in London.

The Government was first to secure by compulsory purchase a circular plot of land situated "as near the middle of England as might be, and not less than

three miles in circumference."

The unemployed were then to be set digging a gigantic hole or shaft of that size (*i.e.*, three miles in circumference) straight down towards the centre of the earth.

As they progressed the sides were to be solidly cased with granite set in Portland cement, and when water was reached caissons were to be utilised and pumping stations erected at intervals round the edge.

The material excavated was to be carted to the coast at places where the sea was encroaching upon the land, and there dumped down to form embankments.

As regards the hole itself, the originator of the scheme surmised that its excavation to a depth of twenty miles would absorb all the surplus labour of the United Kingdom for at least a century, and that then it would be found that the temperature at the bottom would be too high to admit of its being carried any deeper.

But as a set-off to this he opined that the store of subterranean heat thus rendered available would be sufficient to place England so far beyond all other manufacturing nations, that the unemployed problem would solve itself automatically.

After this the Hon. Rollo Russell's panacea, the building of rain walls, does not sound so very startling after all. Nor is the scheme in any sense Utopian or impracticable.

It consists in marshalling the out-of-works into brigades, and employing them in different selected parts of the country in constructing enormously high walls of solid masonry.

These walls, by arresting the clouds and so modifying the rainfall, would, he maintains, render fit for cultivation millions of acres now lying waste, and would thereby eventually repay the cost of their construction ten times over.

The Parisian scheme for solving the unemployed problem is principally remembered for the awful consequence that followed its repeal. Briefly the plan resolved itself into a species of State Socialism.

National workshops were established in Paris, wherein any man could claim work, not as a favour, but as a matter of right.

Moreover, the remuneration each received was calculated according to his supposed necessities, and had no relation whatever to the market value of the product of his labour.

Thus a bachelor received two francs a day, an unencumbered married man two and a half, a man with a small family three francs, and so on in proportion.

Naturally a system so economically rotten

could not stand the test of time.

The idle, the vicious, and the incompetent flocked into the capital from every department in France; and after a short time the Government closed the workshops.

Instantly, all over Paris, the mob sprang to arms. In three hours no fewer than three hundred barricades were thrown up. Fighting commenced in every quarter of the city at dusk, and continued during three days and nights.

In the end the Government triumphed, but at frightful cost. Thirty million francs' (£1,200,000) worth of property was destroyed. The bodies of sixteen thousand persons littered the blood-soaked and fire-blasted streets.

Very different were the results attendant upon Count Rumford's famous experiment, which aimed at abolishing poverty in Bavaria.

He first of all built in Munich a number of large and airy "Houses of Industry."

These he caused to be fitted with all kinds of tools, machinery, and materials for manufacturing articles of various kinds. Each house also had

a dining room and a spacious kitchen.

Then, when all was ready, regiments of cavalry were so disposed as to furnish every town with a detachment, with patrols on every highway, and squads in every village.

This show of force was to compel into activity the idlers and the wastrels. At the same time the officers commanding made it known everywhere to the genuine respectable unemployed that there was work awaiting them in the capital.

The scheme worked well from the very beginning.

Teachers of handicrafts were provided by the Government. Everyone was paid the full value of their labour, but not a penny more.

So was the taint of charity avoided. Even the children had to labour for their pennies, as the adults for their pounds.

It took five years to establish the experiment on a sound economic and financial basis.

But at the end of that period the Count was able to report to the King, his master, that he had made of Bavaria "a kingdom where there was work for everyone, and wherein was not one person whose wants were not provided for."

THE boy whose excuse for not wishing to dig in the garden is the fear of cutting the poor worms is destined to become a great politician.

WHEN addressing a temperance gathering a week ago the speaker unwittingly said that "I missed many of the old faces I used to shake hands with." As the audience roared and laughed he wished he'd been a hundred miles away.

LADY (engaging servant): "Is there anything else you would like to ask me, Jane?"

Jane: "Yes'm. Is yer face really that colour, or does yer powder it, mum? And if yer does, where d'yer git it, 'cos I should like to 'ave some?"

"MY dear Miss Kempton," remarked Mr. Cliftonville, meeting the young lady by chance, "your new hat is simply divine. I crossed the street especially to get a better view. However, I shouldn't like to sit behind it at the theatre."

"But then you needn't," retorted Miss Kempton, with an arch smile, "for you are welcome to sit beside it."

What could the poor boy do?

MONKEY CUTLETS FOR PET POODLES.

QUEER USES FOR "ZOO" CORPSES.

"PEOPLE who keep pets have queer ideas as to feeding 'em; or, at least, some of 'em have."

The speaker was one of the keepers at the "Zoo," and he was addressing—although he was not aware of the fact—an inquisitive *P.W.* contributor on the look-out for "copy."

"Yes," he continued, in answer to a judiciously-worded leading question, "there is hardly a death occurs among the animals here but we receive at least one curious application for either the whole carcase or a portion of it. Usually the applicant wants it for the purpose of feeding some other animal.

"Not very long ago, for instance, an old lady was exceedingly anxious to purchase a defunct monkey. She had an ailing poodle, and someone had told her that a diet of monkey cutlets was the very best thing for it.

"On another occasion, I remember, a gentleman—an old Anglo-Indian he was—came here inquiring if we had any dead snakes for sale.

"He wanted them in order to give a tame mongoose he owned a treat. We got him a couple of specimens just to humour him, but we did not think it necessary to tell him, what is I believe a fact, that the mongoose will not eat the flesh of any reptile which it has not itself killed."

Further inquiry revealed that it is no infrequent thing for an entire carcase of one of the larger mammalia to be disposed of for cats' meat, although this is not done, of course, when death has resulted from any contagious disease.

Still, it is open to speculation as to whether the pussy owners of the Regent's Park and St. John's Wood districts would not prefer for their pets the orthodox horse-flesh diet, rather than one of elephant's trunk, camel's hump, or even the succulent giraffe cutlet.

Occasionally a healthy animal gets killed by accident or otherwise, and then comes the chance of the people—faddists most of them—whose mission in life it is to inaugurate novel and noisome dietetic experiments.

Some time back, for instance, a lion killed its partner in a fight. Whereupon about fifteen or sixteen pounds' weight of the best portions of the rump and shoulders was cooked and eaten by a certain learned professor assisted by a number of his friends.

The rest of the body, including the hide, was taken away by a man in Camden Town who makes a speciality of dealing in the carcases of defunct wild animals.

The heart he sold to some South African natives who happened to be on show in London just then, and it was by them made into soup and greedily devoured, with a view to gaining courage.

The eyes fetched ten shillings apiece, the purchaser being the chief or headman of the troupe, who wanted them to make fetish medicine with. Another dusky warrior paid fifteen shillings for the gall-bladder, presumably with a like object in view.

While the fat covering certain portions of the brute's internal anatomy was retailed at a shilling an ounce to the female members of the encampment, by whom it was made, at dead of night and with sundry mystic rites, into a sort of native love-philtre.

The dealer alluded to above, by the way, would seem to make a pretty good thing out of his unique and somewhat gruesome business.

Wild animals are constantly dying, not in the "Zoo" alone, but all over England, and he generally manages to secure an option on their carcases.

He knows his customers, and generally has plenty of orders booked well ahead. And very curious some of the orders are.

One gentleman, for instance, recently returned from India, wanted two tiger's teeth, to be set in a presentation brooch. He was supplied by return of post.

Another wanted an elephant's hoof, "one fit to be polished and mounted and made into a workbox." He also got what he wanted, and immediately.

More difficult to meet was the request of an invalid lady, who had heard that rattlesnake oil was a specific for rheumatism, and who was anxious to try it.

But some was got for her in time, although she had to exercise a little patience.

"No," remarked my informant in answer to a last query, "I can't tell you what was the 'queerest' order I ever executed, but I can tell you what was the biggest."

It was one for an elephant's skin stretched upon an artificial framework.

Inside was afterwards placed some powerful clockwork mechanism, and the animal walks up and down in a certain rich man's park to this day, attended by its "keeper," and bearing on its back the owner's two children, both of whom have been cripples from birth, and are of course, therefore, quite unable to enjoy a ride upon a real live "Zoo" elephant.

Gold and Gramophones
are offered in the new competition which starts in Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

You will find some particulars regarding a new competition in Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

BOYS AND CIGARETTES.

In what Country are Boys Forbidden by Law to Smoke? (6458.)

There are three principal countries where such a law is in force—Germany, France, and the United States. In Germany most of the States forbid smoking to all youths under sixteen years of age, and the penalty for breaking the law is a heavy fine or imprisonment.

In France, so long ago as 1860, the Minister of Public Instruction issued circulars containing this prohibition to all schools and colleges in the Empire, since then it has been made universal.

In the United States, so rapid and so detrimental to the growth was cigarette smoking amongst juveniles that up to 1891 laws had been passed in three-quarters of the States of the Union forbidding it to all under sixteen.

Similar laws forbid this foolish and injurious habit in many parts of Canada, in Italy, Switzerland, Norway, and since July, 1902, in the Isle of Man.

BLACK RAIN.

When and where in the British Isles did Black Rain Fall? (6461.)

Showers of this strange sort were recorded in the East of England and in Ireland in May, 1892, and in Devonshire so recently as February 22nd of this year.

In April, 1849, Professor Barker brought to the notice of the Royal Dublin Society a shower of black rain which had fallen around Carlow and Kilkenny, and which extended over an area of at least 400 square miles. He described it as uniformly black, and as dark as ordinary ink.

Clothes hanging out to dry were so soiled that they had to be re-washed, and a dark, disagreeable scum gathered upon all the ponds and watercourses, so that cattle refused to drink.

Parts of Scotland were thus begrimed, in Lanarkshire and near Aberdeen, in 1862 and 1863, and many other instances at earlier dates have been noted.

Various reasons are given to account for this anomaly. Some attribute it to volcanic eruptions, which throw up dust that is carried immense distances; while others consider that it is due to sooty particles carried from manufacturing districts upon the wings of the wind.

THE EYE OF THE EAST.

What City was Called the Eye of the Whole East? (6462.)

Damascus, perhaps the most ancient city in the world, claims this proud title, which the striking beauty of its aspect from a distance fully justifies.

Bright buildings, which sparkle under the Syrian sun, rise out of a mass of many-tinted foliage. To the north-west stretch the long, bare, snow-white ridges of Anti-Lebanon, while in charming contrast gardens, rich cornfields, and teeming orchards form a brilliant setting on all other sides.

Winding through this profuse display of Oriental beauty, the rivers Barrada and Phege—the Abana and Pharpar of Scripture—lose themselves far to the east in the Lake Bahr-el-Merj. On a nearer view much of this glamour vanishes, and there is abundant evidence of general decay.

A similar title is given to Athens in Milton's "Paradise Regained." It is:

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of Arts."

THE WRATH OF KINGS.

What English King Knocked down a Nobleman in Westminster Abbey? (6463.)

This strange act of violence has been attributed to Charles II. The story is as follows: While the King's coronation was in progress, an unseemly quarrel arose between the Barons of the Cinque Ports and the Royal footmen, who separately claimed as their fee the canopy which had been borne over the King's head. When the mêlée was at its height the King himself stepped in, and in the heat of the moment knocked down a nobleman, who was severely handling one of his favourite footmen.

Richard II. was guilty of similar violence. His extravagant grief at the loss of his first queen, Anne of Bohemia, broke out in this fashion at her funeral in Westminster Abbey. Enraged at finding that the Earl of Arundel not only came to the Abbey late for the procession which started from St. Paul's, but was desirous of leaving before the ceremony was over, the King seized a cane from the hand of an attendant and brought the Earl to the ground with a severe blow. The Abbey pavement was stained with his blood, and the service was so interrupted that night came on before it ended.

WORRY AND WRINKLES.

Does Worry Make Wrinkles? (6464.)

Taking the word "wrinkles," as Darwin does, to denote the facial lines generally, it is correct to say that worry is one of their causes. He shows that distress and worry draw wrinkles across the middle of the forehead, by the contraction of what, for this reason, are called the grief muscles.

It is well known how deep thought and violent anger produce the furrowed lines and frowns that run right across the brow, and how melancholy patients develop wrinkles which are observed to be in frequent play or movement near the outer corners of the eyes.

Women are more prone to such markings than men, though in both sexes trouble and anxieties, real or imaginary, are their cause. Joy and laughter, too, produce as many wrinkles as worry and grief, especially transverse lines across the root of the nose, and the familiar radiating lines starting out from the corners of the eyelids and under them, often seen in people with mirthful faces and laughing eyes.

It is significant that monkeys, when obviously pleased, show an increased puckering of the face into wrinkles.

ZIG-ZAG UP HILL.

Does it Require Less Labour to Cycle Zig-zag up Hill? (6468.)

No. The expenditure of labour in cycling uphill is the same in both cases, whether the rider ascends in a bee-line or zig-zags from side to side. The latter method, however, provides an easier means of ascent, in that the immediate effort which he is called upon to put forth is less than that required in negotiating an incline in a direct line.

The average gradient of a zig-zag course uphill is, of course, less than that of a direct course up the same hill; but on the other hand the distance to be covered is greater, and the time taken in making the ascent, assuming the rider's speed to be the same in both cases, is prolonged.

The same weight, that of cycle and rider, has in any case to be raised through the same vertical distance in both methods, and it requires but little consideration on the part of an inquirer to establish the fact that the work, or expenditure of energy, required to raise both cycle and rider to the summit of the hill is also a common quantity, though the exertion becomes less trying by being distributed.

There are no doubt minor details, such as mechanical losses due to friction in the bearings of the machine and between the tyres and the road surface, which, strictly speaking, enter into the calculation, but they are small enough to be neglected in a general consideration of this question.

A CENSUS OF GEESE.

Has a Census of Geese ever been Ordered? (6465.)

Such a census was ordered in the reign of Henry V. An Act of Parliament was passed in that reign which required that all the geese in England should be counted, and the sheriffs of the various counties were required to furnish six arrow feathers from each goose.

The companies of archers were as valuable in warfare in those days as companies of artillery with effective guns are now. Previous to the battle of Cressy, in 1346, a shower of rain so slackened the strings of the Genoese crossbows, that they became almost unserviceable, while the English were still able to annoy their enemies with success.

Both this victory and that of Poictiers, ten years after, were chiefly ascribed by the English to their archers. The decisive blow at Homeldon Hill against the Scots, in 1402, was struck by them, and the Earl of Douglas found to his cost that English arrows were so swift and strong, and discharged with so much force, that no armour could repel them.

Under Edward IV. an ordinance was made that "every Englishman and every Irishman dwelling in England should have a bow of his own height, to be made of yew, wych, hazel, ash, or any other reasonable tree according to their power," and it was to equip these weapons with arrows that should fly true to their mark that the curious census of geese was commanded by law.

A KING IN PRISON.

What King has been Imprisoned for Debt? (6466.)

Theodore King of Corsica, originally a Prussian baron, came to this sad pass. About the year 1740, finding his own country ill-disposed towards him, and fearing for his life, he came to England, where he was arrested for debt and lodged in King's Bench prison. He died shortly after, and was buried in the parish of St. Ann's, Westminster.

The following inscription marks his tomb:

"Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish 11th December, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors."

It is said that Prince Henry (afterwards King Henry V.) was also committed for debt by Justice Gascoigne to the King's Bench Prison at Southwark, which was long used for the confinement of debtors.

This statement, however, is considered by some writers to be a fiction, and it is averred that it may be traced to a passage in the life of Edward II., when Prince of Wales.

THE CHOICEST STATUE.

Which Statue is Considered to be the Most Beautiful in the World? (6467.)

Fifty years ago the Venus de Medici, preserved at Florence, would have taken the palm. Its exquisite grace and symmetry created a standard of excellence for the female form.

In 1877 this marvel of ancient art was surpassed by a still finer specimen of the early Greek school of sculpture. A masterpiece, in marble, by Praxiteles (360 B.C.), of unrivalled beauty, was found at Olympia near the Temple of Jupiter. It represents Mercury, the herald of the gods, holding in his left hand the infant Bacchus, and in his right a bunch of grapes, towards which the young god of wine is reaching.

A bronze Mercury of almost equal beauty was raised from the sea bed, near Cape Matapan, in 1901. Its fragments have been so cleverly pieced together by M. André, the eminent French expert, that it is difficult to believe that it has been ever broken. Apart from its singular charm, it has a special value as the only representative of original bronze work of the fourth century B.C.

M. André will, it is said, receive a decoration from the King of Greece for his wonderful restoration of this priceless work of art.

QUESTIONS.

6491. Do any plants commit murder?

6492. In what country is the marriage portion of a bride indicated by her dress?

6493. Under which English sovereign were bachelors taxed?

6494. When was the typewriter invented?

6495. What is the origin of the word grotesque?

6496. Which British Municipality possesses the most famous sword of State?

6497. Why is the sword held as it is in marching past?

6498. What is Hippocras?

6499. Was it ever lawful to halve and quarter coins in England?

6500. What was the origin of dominoes?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"But she used to be considered quite a beauty."
"That was before her father failed."

"Mr. Bunk's marriage didn't come off."
"What was the matter?"
"His tailor was an old rival, and didn't get his wedding suit made in time."

First Lieutenant: "How do you like the horse you bought from me last week?"

Second Lieutenant: "Very much; he might hold his head a little higher, though."

First Lieutenant: "Oh, that will come all right, when he is paid for."

"You will find the work easy," said Mrs. Blimber. "We live very simply, and there are no children to——"

"Oh, Oi'll not take the place if there's no children," interrupted the applicant.

"The idea! You're certainly an exception to the rule."

"Well, if there's no childer, all the dishes Oi break 'll be blamed on me."

Founded 1871.

The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorised - [illegible] | Income, 1902 - - £1,120,359
Capital Subscribed - - - [illegible] | Reserves, Dec. 31st, 1902 - - - - £1,044,830
Funds, 31st Dec., 1902 (excluding Uncalled Capital), £1,337,563.

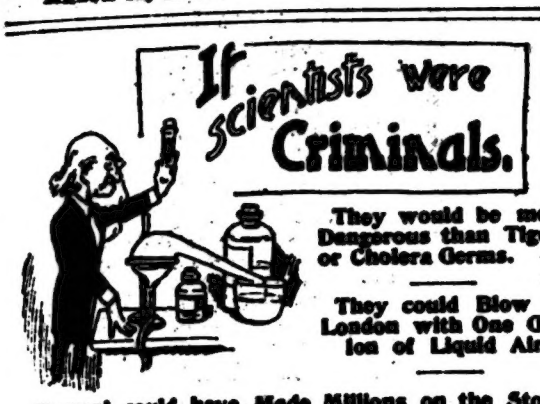
The Ocean Corporation issues the "Leader" Policy against Accident and Disease, and it will be found to fully justify its title. Send for Prospectus.

Fidelity Guarantees.
The Bonds of this Corporation are accepted by all Departments of H.M. Government.
Workmen's Compensation.
Sickness Insurance.
Burglary Insurance.
Third Party Indemnities.
Mortgage Insurance.
Excess Bad Debt Insurance.
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: 36 to 44 MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.

R. J. PAULL, General Manager & Secretary.

All the back numbers containing the pictures in the £5 a Week for Life contest may be obtained through your newsvendor.



They would be more Dangerous than Tigers or Cholera Germs.

They could Blow up London with One Gallon of Liquid Air.

Marconi could have Made Millions on the Stock Exchange.

It is a lucky thing for society at large that scientists are seldom, if ever, dowered with criminal instincts. For supposing the converse held good! Supposing, for instance, that Professor Dewar, the discoverer of liquid air, had been an Anarchist!

In that case he would have had ready to his hand a secret and deadly explosive which would be infinitely more powerful than dynamite, while needing neither fuse nor detonator to set it off.

All that would be necessary would be to fill a steel bomb—the bigger and thicker the better—with liquid air, and hermetically close it.

Immediately the interior contents would begin to expand as the imprisoned and tortured atmosphere commenced slowly to return from its liquid to a gaseous state; and this expansion would continue until, if the bomb could be made strong enough, the well-nigh inconceivable pressure of 12,000lb. per square inch

would eventually be developed.

Then the enveloping walls of steel, even if a foot or more in thickness, would inevitably fly into innumerable fragments, and with an explosive violence which would be sufficient to wreck anything and everything within a radius of probably thousands of yards.

Indeed, it has been estimated that a single gallon of liquid air could, given certain conditions, be made equal in destructiveness to ten thousand tons of gunpowder.

Or assume, on the other hand, that he had been a criminal of the Palmer type—a secret poisoner. In liquid air he had at his command a far more deadly toxic agent than even prussic acid; and one moreover which, had he chosen to keep his discovery to himself, he might have conceivably used with almost perfect impunity.

For even the very smallest quantity of liquid air, administered internally, would prove almost immediately fatal, eating its way with vitriolic swiftness into the victim's inmost vitals, destroying tissue, muscle and bone, and yet leaving no trace of itself.

Marconi, again, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, took all the world into his confidence as soon almost as his marvellous discovery was first lighted on.

But what if he had chosen to keep his knowledge to himself and utilise it, as he could easily have done,

to further dishonourable ends of his own?

It is quite conceivable that he might have made millions on the stock exchanges and bourses of Europe and America; for by means of his tiny instruments, while the cables slept and the telegraph offices were closed, he could have transmitted and received—through his accredited agents, of course—exclusive information of vital importance.

Or supposing that Professor Röntgen, the discoverer of the X rays, had been a professional thief. He would have had at his beck and call a something which no other member of the fraternity had ever even dreamt about—a something which would have enabled him to see how many and what valuables were in this or that receptacle, or the amount of coin a person had in his pocket, his purse, or his satchel.

His "rays" would have been to him, in fact, a sixth sense, possessed by no other living creature

in the whole wide universe.

The story of the man who found out how to split Bank of England notes into two parts laterally, and who was so honest and so disinterested that he went forthwith and made a present of his knowledge to the directors of the institution in question, is well known.

In the main the details are as usually stated, although it is doubtful whether the discovery could have been turned to any practical account if even the discoverer had been a rogue in embryo instead of an honest and law-abiding citizen.

It is a fact, however, that only a year or two back a similar but far more dangerous discovery was accidentally stumbled upon by a poor alien engraver, who freely made a present of his knowledge to the Bankers' Association.

This man found out a method by which he could imitate exactly the water-marking on letters of credit and other similar documents.

It was a simple method, and easy of application by even the veriest tyro; and there is no doubt that, had he chosen to do so, he might have swindled the London banks out of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Since then, it may be mentioned, perforations have been universally substituted for the old-fashioned water-marking so far as the indication of the amounts is concerned.

Then, again, there is the very typical case of MM. Fremy and Verneuil, who first discovered how to produce valuable rubies artificially.

By means of an electric furnace, developing the terrific temperature of 3,600 degrees centigrade, these two eminent scientists were able to fuse small and comparatively valueless stones, and minute fragments of stones, into a viscid mass, and this in due course they succeeded in moulding under pressure into one perfect, and of course immensely valuable, whole.

To the two savants in question this discovery simply represented an interesting scientific fact. That there was a fortune in the process, if kept secret and utilised with a certain amount of unscrupulousness, was utterly and entirely beside the point. They, in fact, took the whole world into their confidence; and although since then "reconstructed" rubies, as they have been christened, have been placed upon the market, it has been done entirely without the knowledge or consent of the original discoverers.

Or, lastly, take the discovery by Thiersch of the possibility of the artificial transmissibility of the cholera germ.

No one else on earth then knew—none guessed even—the terrible secret that he had unwittingly stumbled upon.

Had he been minded to evil, he might with almost perfect impunity have started a series of artificially-induced epidemics of this terrible disease that would have decimated humanity, and the cost of combating which would have bankrupted Christendom.

A FALLEN IDOL.

To far-off days my memory flies,
And fondly treasures yet
The longing look within his eyes
That day when first we met.

My figure was so slender then,
My skin so soft and white,
I filled the eyes of many men
With covetous delight.

But one there was with ardour bold,
Whose daring love was such,
He pressed me to his eager lips
With sweet, caressing touch.

Wooed by his breath my colour soon
Assumed a warmer tone,
And to a deep, rich, amber tint
Had ultimately grown.

But broken by a dreadful fall,
I feel a jealous gripe—
The briars in my path all scoff
At this old meerschaum pipe.

MAN OVERBOARD!

When going down Channel a few weeks ago, a tramp steamer encountered very rough weather.

A sailor was unfortunately washed overboard, and the captain called to Patrick Casey (a new hand) to throw a buoy over. A few moments later he asked Pat if he had thrown the buoy over.

"No, sir," said Pat. "I couldn't find a boy, so I chucked an old man over!"

SHORT-LIVED HAPPINESS.

Old Peterby was rich and stingy.

In the event of his death his nephew was to inherit his property.

A friend of the family said to the old gentleman: "I hear your nephew is going to marry. On that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I will," said Mr. Peterby. "I'll pretend that I am dangerously ill."

"They say he was disappointed in love."

"Well, that isn't so bad as to be disappointed in marriage."

"A man is known by the company he keeps," said the village philosopher; "but suppose a very wicked young man spends most of his time with a very good young man—which one is company?"

Magistrate: "You say that you did not know that you were violating the law? Ah, but my dear sir, ignorance of the law is no excuse for any man."

Prisoner: "That's rather rough on both of us, ain't it, your worship?"

Boots: "I'll stand no more of it, Mary! I'll give notice to leave."

Mary: "Why, what have they done now, Robert?"

Boots: "Why, I heard missus say as she was going to give me the sack at the end of the month!"

JOHN BULL'S LODGERS AT PLAY.

How Bits of the Continent Enjoy themselves in London.

Which of London's many foreign lodgers make the most noise?

Answer comes, "The Germans." Our Teuton cousins are far more active in asserting their nationality on certain occasions than the French, who creep about in their respective colonies noiselessly and unobserved.

On Sedan Day, September 2nd, Germans make very merry. Though it is not possible for them to take a holiday in London as they do at home, they make up for it by evening festivities. They meet at their clubs, friends' houses, and cafés, and to the accompaniment of infinite lager beer and German songs, succeed in asserting their existence in no restrained fashion.

But for the rest of the year, Germany in London is content to lie low and get absorbed in English life.

Among East-end Germans, however, one finds much more characteristic observance of German festivals, mostly in connection with the German Catholic church in Whitechapel. In connection with this church is a club for employés, associated with similar institutions in Germany, of which there are 1,100. It was founded fifty years ago by a shoemaker, and is for working artisans in the employ of others. It includes bakers, carpenters, tailors, watchmakers chiefly, and the membership of the London club is about 200.

In the middle of July every year these Germans hold a great Foundation Feast, which lasts over a week. It includes entertainments, concerts, theatrical performances, and festivities generally. The club has a spacious hall and a stage, as well as the wherewithal for beer drinking. Every Sunday night, after service, the community meets in this hall, and enjoys itself by watching plays, and singing songs.

This German colony also enjoys an open-air fête at Hendon every year, on the Sunday after Corpus Christi, at the end of June. The community goes in procession to a park where a special German feast usually takes place.

America celebrates the Fourth of July in London by elaborate displays of the Stars and Stripes. Private American householders, of course, try so far as possible to decorate as they would in their own country, and firework displays take place at many of their houses in the evening. A dinner also is invariably given at the Hotel Cecil by the American Ambassador, and speeches are made by whatever distinguished personages from the other side may happen to be here. But the festival is nowadays so largely shared by Britons, that it scarcely ranks as a distinctly national festival in London.

Where, however, London is really able to see touches of Continental life is in the East-end.

The most numerous community, after the French and Germans, are the Poles. Though, at present very little has been done to bring together Poland's representatives in London on St. Casimir's Day, in the first week of March, High Mass is celebrated at the Polish Catholic church, to which several hundreds of the Poles in national costume parade through the streets of Mile End.

Polish children in national costume, also, parade at the Westminster Catholic cathedral on this festive occasion—the principal fête day of the Poles.

But for splendour, the Italian colony far exceeds any other nationality in London. In the middle of July the Italian quarter in Saffron Hill holds its annual holiday. Organ-grinders and hokey-pokey men, ice-cream vendors, and layers of asphalt gather from Notting Hill, Whitechapel, Soho, Clerkenwell, and other parts, to their headquarters in Little Bath Street, which is the most Italian thoroughfare in London.

An arch is erected at the junction of the street with Clerkenwell Road, and decorated with gold leaf and silver leaf, and flaming red muslin. Rows of fancy lamps stretch from side to side across the road, and are lit up at night. Big lace curtains cover the walls, and red, white, and green festoons are general.

About 10,000 Italians take part in this festival, which, it must be said, owes its inception to the Catholic Church, the feast originating in that devoted to the honour of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel."

Good Friday is celebrated in a curious way at the London Docks, by Spanish and Portuguese Catholics connected with certain branches. The effigy of Judas Iscariot is tied to a mast in one of the ships lying in the dock and flogged, in presence of the assembly.

FLOWER SEEDS

will not be productive unless planted in the right kind of soil, and your talents will not be of any use to you unless you employ them in the right direction. It may be difficult sometimes to decide which is the right direction, and in this case it always pays to take advice. Perhaps you do not care to consult a friend; if so, don't give up in despair, but have your character told, from which you will be able to decide for yourself how best to employ your abilities. You can get an accurate delineation of your character by sending a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to Ranee, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

All readers who are going in for the £5 a Week for Life Competition should enter for the competition which starts in Tuesday's SHORT STORIES

Hats Off!

In one of the most fashionable churches at Cornal, New York, the Rev. R. S. Brown refused to preach until the women removed their hats. For a time no one moved. Then one of the society leaders quietly took off her bonnet. All over the church a rustling and fluttering instantly followed, and soon every lady in the congregation was bareheaded.

Rescued by a Poodle.

While a fire was in progress at a house in the Rue Monsigny a few days ago, a poodle was seen to rush upstairs and return with a doll, which was joyfully seized by a six-year-old daughter of the tenant.

A "Horse Marine."

A beggar has been going about Beaufort West, Cape Colony, soliciting alms and declaring among other things that he had a horse shot under him at Trafalgar. "The police," says the local paper, "believe he is an impostor."

Self-hypnotism Extraordinary.

Staring fixedly into the fire, Henry Glass, of Concord, United States, became hypnotised, and thrust his hand and arm into the embers. He felt no pain, and watched the flesh shrivel off the bones. His daughter, detecting the odour of burning flesh, rushed in, and dragged him away. The man may die from the shock.

Cat's Constitutional.

It is becoming quite fashionable in Worcester, Massachusetts, to take cats out for walks. A beautiful yellow-haired Persian is a common sight in the streets, being led by its devoted mistress. The cat behaves like a dog in leash, frisking about its mistress and acting as though it thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

Where Two People Make One-and-a-Half.

At the old-fashioned inns and restaurants in Sweden it is customary to charge less for women than for men, on the theory that they do not eat so much. At some hotels in Sweden a man and a wife are charged as one and a half persons if they occupy the same room. A husband and a wife may travel as one and a half persons by railway.

Ambulance Cart for Fat Pigs.

The Worcester Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has decided to provide an ambulance handcart for the conveyance of fat pigs and very young calves to and from the cattle market, and thus prevent the distressing scenes sometimes witnessed in driving these animals through the streets of the city.

Ancient Wheat Stack.

A stack of wheat which has stood for thirty years at Stradbroke is now offered for sale. The owner had vowed not to thrash it until the wheat should realise twenty-five shillings per sack. Special care was taken to preserve it from the depredations of rats and mice. The owner is now dead, and the trustees offer the stack for sale.

Afloat on an Alligator.

The strange sight of a man riding a huge alligator across a lake was witnessed recently by a large number of tourists at the alligator farm at St. Augustine, Florida. At the close of this remarkable feat in navigation the man, to the amazement of the spectators, ordered the animal to go to sleep, which it promptly prepared to do.

Behind the Times.

On coming out from the State prison at Trenton, New Jersey, after serving a twenty-five years' sentence, Herbert Jacobs was struck and injured by an electric tramcar while trying to cross the road. He knew nothing of electric traction, which was introduced during his incarceration, and seeing no horses attached to the front of the car, concluded it was going away from him.

A Stinging Protest.

Conducting a sale at Aldenham, Herts, under a distress for rent, an auctioneer recently had a novel experience. Upset at having his goods sold, the owner rushed into the midst of the bidders and pitched a hive of bees upon the ground. Against such unexpected competition the auctioneer and bidders beat a hasty retreat, but the owner, relenting, soon afterwards hived his bees, and the sale was allowed to proceed.

Bird Vengeance.

A naturalist recently witnessed an encounter between a large swan and a little brown duck. The duck had apparently insulted the swan by trying to cross its path, for it was suddenly seized by the swan and held under the water until he was sure it would be drowned. But at last the swan let it go, and sailed majestically away. The duck, after taking breath, looked round to see where its enemy was, and seeing it not far off it rose into the air and deliberately came down, flapping its wings, on the astonished swan's back. The swan fled in terror, and the duck, apparently satisfied, quietly swam away.

A Doctor's Story.

A doctor tells a good story in connection with a lad who until recently was in his employ. It was part of this youngster's duty to answer the surgery bell, and to usher the prospective patients into the consulting-room. One morning there presented himself at the surgery entrance a mechanic, with whom Buttons was on speaking terms. "Hullo, Jackson!" he remarked, "what's the matter with you?" "Oh, I just want to see the doctor," replied the visitor. "Have yer brought yer symptoms with yer?" inquired Buttons, "'cos that's the fust thing he'll ask yer about. If yer ain't brought 'em, ye'd better pop back an' get 'em." "And, would you believe it!" adds the doctor, "that fellow was actually about to act on the boy's advice when I entered the surgery!"

Ride Behind a Shark.

During a shark hunt at Hawaii the captain of a ship, who was with four other men in a launch, buried his harpoon in a huge monster. The shark at once started seawards, dragging the boat with him. After enjoying the tow for several miles the line had to be cut, as the shark showed no signs of giving in.

"Manywhere."

Lord Avebury has coined a new word for geologists. In "The Scenery of England," he remarks, in regard to the Northern districts, "rocks occur also manywhere." Thus manywhere appears to be intermediate between the familiar somewhere and everywhere, and possibly it may come into popular usage.

Preached in a Suit of Flannels.

The Rev. W. F. Markwick, of Ansonia, Connecticut, was placed in an awkward predicament one Sunday recently by burglars breaking into his house in the early morning, and stealing his clerical attire. Though the weather was bitterly cold he was forced to go to church, and preach in a suit of white flannels.

Twentieth Century Noah.

Noah Raby, a coloured man, aged 132, was recently the guest of honour at the annual dinner of the Piscatawny (New Jersey) Workhouse. A menu of warm milk and soup had been specially prepared for him, and he partook of it with great satisfaction. The old man retains all his faculties, and is in perfect health.

Whistled at the Judge.

Rendering home unendurable for the rest of his family by an insatiable passion for whistling, David Dunn, of New York, was brought before Judge Wyatt by his mother. Even in court no one was able to keep the boy quiet, and he annoyed the judge by whistling all the popular airs of the day. He was committed to the hospital for inquiries as to his sanity.

He Told His Age.

A factory inspector was visiting some works the other day, and saw a small boy at work whom he thought was under age. He called him, and asked him what his age was. The boy thought for a moment, and then answered: "I was thirteen three weeks before Jimmy Wilkins killed his last pig, and shall be fourteen next milking time." Needless to say, the inspector passed on.

Human Machinery.

"Machinery. This side up. Handle with care," read the inscription on a huge box dispatched by luggage train from New York to New Orleans. The lightness of the "machinery" aroused suspicions, and at a wayside station the box was opened. In it were found two men, with a week's supply of food. They were taking a cheap trip at freight rates to New Orleans in search of work.

Things are Different in Japan.

A writer, describing the Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters a railway carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat. When the ticket collector opens the door to collect tickets he removes his cap, and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he asks each passenger for his ticket.

Fined by Phone.

The town marshal of Elnora, in Indiana, was called to the telephone the other day by John Ketchem, a farmer, who lives eight miles away. "You have a warrant for my arrest," shouted Ketchem. "Please be good enough to read it." The officer did as requested, and added: "Consider yourself in charge." "Certainly," replied Ketchem. "I plead guilty to being drunk and incapable." The officer then called Judge Hastings to the telephone, who severely rebuked Ketchem, and fined him one halfpenny, and two pence costs. "Thanks," came the reply. "Money shall be sent on by next post."

Nightingale Food.

On the banks of the Elbe a curious sight may frequently be seen in the summer. Men and women go there in the evening and light fires, near which they carefully spread spacious cloths. In a few minutes swarms of May flies hover around the fires, and are burnt in thousands, and fall on the cloths. Next day they are placed in a garden on a sunny spot, the result being that the bodies of the flies become thoroughly parched. The flies are then ready for the market, and are sold for a few pence a quart to dealers in birds, who say that there is no better food for nightingales, robins, and other feathered pets.

Men Against Oxen.

Few people know that a man, bulk for bulk, is stronger than an ox, but it appears that such is the case. The matter was tested not long since at a fair in America, one of the attractions of which was a contest of a yoke of oxen against an equal weight of men. A drag was loaded with granite blocks, weighing in the aggregate 4,960lbs. The yoke of oxen that made the trial weighed 3,220lbs., and twenty men, allowing 160lbs. to the man, were set against them. The men took hold of the drag first, and easily walked off with it, covering a distance of 95ft. in the space of two minutes. The oxen at their trial moved only 85ft. in the same length of time, and the men were accordingly declared winners.

Given Away.

The scene was a handsome dining-room in one of the best houses in a fashionable West-End square. The dinner, which was a grand success, was just over, leaving everyone pleased with the repast, and the company, especially the lovely hostess, whose coils of golden hair had attracted many admiring glances from the men and numerous envious ones from the ladies present. Dessert was on the table, and was just about to be partaken of, when a rush of little feet was heard, and Master Freddy entered, with the nurse in close pursuit, he with a little box clutched close to his panting breast. "Whatever is the matter, nurse?" inquired the hostess. "Oh, ma," interrupted the son and heir, "nurse says I mustn't have this box which your hair came home in. I may have—" But the hostess had fled.

Shot Through a Keyhole.

Fay Coffin, a nine-year-old boy, living at Mealdsbury, U.S.A., has lost an eye in a peculiar manner. He was inside his father's barn while a number of other boys outside were practising with bows and arrows, using a keyhole as a target. Coffin peered out of the keyhole just as a well-directed shot sent a missile through it. The sight of his eye was destroyed.

Lightning Rods Vanishing.

Lightning rods are not made to the same extent as formerly, and there are signs that the invention of Franklin has seen its best days. It is vanishing from larger towns and from cities, while in country districts it is less largely employed. The reason for this disappearance of a familiar apparatus is given by an electrical expert; the great number of overhead wires to be found in all large centres serve to make the lightning rod superfluous, as they attract the lightning and take the sting out of it.

A Tiger Story.

There is a story current at Kuliang, Central China, about a tiger which gave trouble in that quarter. A missionary and his wife had been worried by the tiger prowling nightly around their home. They determined to be rid of it, and one night tied a cow up in the backyard, and a dog at the front of the house. Then they armed themselves with guns and kept watch. The tiger appeared; the missionary fired and killed the cow. The wife rushed to see what had happened, and in her absence the tiger ate the dog!

Heating the Tropics.

The desire to get business causes some European firms to make ridiculous blunders. One of these, as related by a correspondent in Trinidad, is a good example. A maker of stoves and other apparatus for heating and warming purposes has been sending illustrated catalogues in quantities to that tropical climate, and the perspiring inhabitants have been reading about the ease with which you can be kept warm if you adopt these stoves, and have been wondering why the enterprising manufacturer did not include a leaflet on skates and skating for their especial benefit.

Frost and Featherweights.

Frost has the effect of making steel brittle, and this must be a source of danger to cyclists who ride featherweights. Any jerk or jar may bring disastrous results, and when the ground is frozen hard it is unusually lumpy. These facts are worth bearing in mind; for, although there are no statistics in connection with this matter, it is not at all improbable that many cycling accidents that occur during the winter through the breaking of steel parts are directly attributable to the action of frost.

The Suicide Wind.

A curious belief prevails among the natives of Brazil and other parts of South America, which prompts them to fear a certain condition of the air, which they call "suicide wind." It is not a superstition, but an actual condition of the atmosphere which seems to drive people to madness, and during its continuance self-inflicted deaths are numerous. Criminologists and scientists all over the world are interested in this peculiar atmospheric influence, which is indicated by a soft, moist, warm air, that settles heavily on the earth.

Mary Had Read It.

A lady, who had a servant somewhat given to curiosity, inquired, on returning from a visit one afternoon: "Did the postman leave any letters, Mary?" "Nothing but a postcard, ma'am." "Who is it from, Mary?" "And do you thing I'd read it, ma'am?" said the girl, with an injured air. "Perhaps not," remarked the mistress, "but anyone who sends me messages on postcards is stupid or impertinent." "You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, loftily, "but I must say that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother."

Ants with Ladies' Maids.

A naturalist has been making observations in the toilets of certain ants, and has discovered each insect goes through most elaborate ablutions. They are not only performed by herself, but by another, who acts for the time as lady's maid. The assistant starts by washing the face of her companion, and then goes over the whole body. The attitude of the ant that is being washed is one of intense satisfaction. She lies down with all her limbs stretched loosely out; she rolls over on her side, even her back, a perfect picture of ease. The pleasure the little insect evinces at being thus combed and sponged is really enjoyable to the observer.

Dog Liable to Prosecution.

M. Coston, a Paris police magistrate, has informed several people who were in the Avenue de Clichy recently that they have grounds for an action against a dog, whose identity is at present unknown. A clothes dealer kicked the dog out of his shop. It knocked down a young woman who was passing with a jug of milk. She, in turn, upset an elderly gentleman, and both were cut on the broken jug. The accident did not end there. A cyclist came upon the prostrate figures, and was thrown from his machine, spraining an ankle. To complete the misfortune, a passing cart smashed his bicycle. The injured parties complained to the police magistrate, who advised them to proceed against the dog.

A Child Poet.

Paris has discovered a poet of extraordinary talent and precocity. The new versifier is a little girl, ten years old, named Antoine Coullet, whose first collection of poems has just been published, unknown to her, by M. Lemerre. The child is quite unconscious of her poetical gift, and her verses are usually written in intervals between games with her younger sisters at skipping-rope and playing with her dolls. Suddenly she will desert her playthings for a few minutes and scribble down the lines she has composed on such different subjects as the Lord's Prayer and the Martinique disaster. Her compositions contain mistakes in spelling, and faults of grammar and prosody. But so eminent an authority as M. François Coppée has declared that if Antoine has written without assistance what has been submitted to him, she is no ordinary child.

All the back numbers containing the pictures in the £5 a Week for Life contest may be obtained through your newsvendor.

Remarkable Revelations Regarding "Rags" and "Ragging."

"Bottling" is a Favourite Form of Punishment.

One "Sub" was Made to Carry Brine in his Water-Bottle for a Week.

"PRISONER at the bar, you are convicted of being a dirty little bounder, and the sentence of the court is that there be conferred upon you the Order of the Boot."

In these words was "promulgated" recently the decision of a "sham" court-martial, held by the subalterns of a certain well-known regiment, the "prisoner" in question being a brother officer who had in some way transgressed the unwritten code of laws governing the conduct of members of the corps.

The punishment was inflicted forthwith, the offender being seized and held by two junior subalterns, while each of the others present administered a severe kick.

Sham courts-martial of this description are no joke, either to the victim or to those taking part in them. Indeed, they are "sham" in little more than name.

The methods of procedure incidental to a real court are closely followed.

The senior subaltern, as president, takes his seat at the head of the long, green baize-covered table, down either side of which are ranged the members, each in full dress uniform and wearing his sword.

As soon as all are settled in their places the "prisoner" is marched in. He is without his sword, and is

guarded by an armed escort.

The "indictment" is first read over to him, and then the senior subaltern asks him, "Have you any objection to be tried by me, as president, or by any member of this court?"

Irreverent youngsters have been known to answer this query by the comprehensive formula: "Yes, I object to the whole blooming lot of you"; but as a rule it is replied to in a perfectly serious spirit.

Evidence is then taken, witnesses are cross-examined, as in an ordinary court of justice, after which the "prisoner" is marched into an ante-room, and the president and members confer as to their verdict and sentence.

The former is practically always "guilty," and the latter, whatever it may be, is carried out on the spot. The whole proceeding is known in Army parlance as "ragging."

"Ragging" has always existed in one form or another in the British Army, the punishments inflicted varying in different regiments.

One of the most severe—and one, too, that was a great favourite in certain cavalry corps well within the memory of people now living—

was known as "bottling."

It consisted in tying the culprit's hand, palm uppermost, so that it was held quite motionless, and then allowing water to fall upon it, drop by drop, from a height of four or five feet. The pain caused is very acute; so much so, indeed, that men have been known to have been driven temporarily insane by it.

Yet another variety of torture is that known as "trussing."

The sufferer is forced to sit upon the ground, and two sword scabbards with the swords inside are placed, one under his hams and the other on his neck.

These are then drawn closer and closer together, by means of a couple of twisted sashes, the ends of which are pulled in opposite directions by four lusty youngsters.

The result is to draw the neck and knees together and bend the spine into the shape of the letter "C."

The offences—"crimes" they are termed—for which these and other equally cruel punishments are inflicted vary considerably, but the greater proportion are such as in civilian life would be accounted

very venial transgressions indeed.

"Carrying a non-regimental cane when on parade" earned an earl's son a "ragging" the other day.

For declining to subscribe towards the cost of keeping up the regimental drag another youngster was hounded out of his corps, and a promising career thereby cut short.

Yet a third notorious "rag"—and one, by-the-bye, which ended disastrously for all parties concerned—had its origin in a complaint made by a waiter regarding what was deemed an insufficient tip.

In this latter instance the accused refused to submit to the "sentence" pronounced upon him by the "court-martial," and an unseemly scuffle was the result.

The "prisoner," being a skilful boxer and a powerfully built young man, got by no means the worst of it. Whereupon his "brother" officers determined to make his life unbearable in other ways.

His quarters were broken into and wrecked, his uniforms were cut to rags, a bath of ice-cold water was emptied over him one bitter night as he lay asleep; and, finally, some noxious drug was surreptitiously mixed with his morning coffee.

Severe illness was the result of this last little piece of "pleasantry," and the whole discreditable business came out.

Furthermore, the general in command of the district happened to be, in the true sense of the word, a "gentleman" as well as an officer, and he insisted on a court of inquiry.

It was held in due course, and, as is usual in such cases, with closed doors; but the upshot was that three of the ringleaders had to send in their "papers," while several of the other participants in the plot were severely reprimanded.

Other and even more gruesome cases have, however, been hushed up "for the credit of the corps," or lest the "honour of the Service" should be tarnished.

One such is still recalled with bitter shame and regret by the participants therein. A newly-joined "sub." of a regiment serving in India was sentenced to carry brine in his water-bottle for a week instead of fresh water.

Next day a route march took place, extending to over thirty-two miles. The youngster covered it gamely without wetting his lips, dragged himself on to the parade ground, saluted feebly in the customary manner at the command, "Officers fall out,"

staggered, dropped and died.

Perhaps the most notorious among the few "ragging" cases that have become public property, and one which, moreover, is happily absolutely unique of its kind, was that which involved the honour of an officer named Robinson—and incidentally lashed the entire British nation well-nigh to frenzy—in the early sixties.

The "ragging" itself was of the usual type, but when the victim complained he was actually placed under arrest by his commanding officer on a charge of having submitted to ungentlemanly conduct from his brother officers.

Probably Robinson's "chief" imagined that a mere formal "trial" would suffice, as it had done in hundreds of other instances, to silence the victim and rid the regiment of his objectionable presence.

But in this he reckoned without his host. Robinson was stubborn. Robinson had money. And in the end Robinson triumphed.

He engaged the best legal talent. The court-martial, which should, according to precedent, have been a matter of hours only, extended over thirty days.

Public opinion was strongly aroused. And although the court tamely and obediently brought in its verdict of guilty, its finding was promptly quashed and its sentence immediately and contemptuously set aside by the highest military authority in the land.

HE DROVE BETWEEN THEM.

FARMER BUTTON walked into the Market Place with one arm in a sling, his head bandaged, and with the general appearance of having been in a very bad accident.

"How did it all happen?" a crowd of sympathetic inquirers hastened to ask.

Farmer Button shifted his bandages uneasily, and explained: "Driving home from market t'other night it were terrible dark up Black Hill, and presently I says to the driver: 'Look out, Jim; there be a light comin' down left side, and one comin' down right side; mind where you be a-going to.' 'Right,' says Jim; 'I'll drive slap in between 'em.' And he just up and did so, and hanged if they warn't both on 'em on to one cart—one on each side!"

"WELL, good-bye, dear Mrs. Jones; I'm afraid I've put you out by calling at this unearthly hour."

"Good-bye; I hope I didn't show it."

"WHY are you mourning?"

"Oh, for my sins."

"I didn't know that you had lost any."

ARTFUL JIMMIE (conscious of unprepared lessons and desirous of staying from school): "Mamma, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?"

"DOESN'T it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?" they asked him.

"Yes, if he's a large man," replied the motorist. "It gives me a pretty rough jolt sometimes."

"WHY have you been fighting, little boy?" asked the kind lady.

"For exercise," was the answer. "Do I look big enough to be a perfessional fightin' fer a purse?"

IF OUR WEATHER CAME FROM THE EAST.

Britain would be "The Great White Land."

AT present we get nineteen-twentieths of our "weather" from the west and south-west, and only one-twentieth from the east and north-east.

If this proportion were reversed, if the wind blew from the latter directions during nineteen days out of twenty throughout the year, then Britain would have a climate akin to that of Labrador.

London would shiver in furs from October to April. The Thames would be frozen as solid as is the Neva for months on end. And our flora and fauna would correspond, to a great extent, with those of Central Siberia.

Of course, the change would not be apparent all at once. Just at first the waters of the Gulf Stream, which, winter and summer alike, flow round and envelop these islands in a sort of perennial "warm bath," would mitigate the severity of the Arctic blasts.

But very soon this gigantic ocean river would begin to grow colder and colder, until eventually it would cease to exist—so far, at all events, as we are concerned.

Meanwhile the continual succession of north-easterly winds would bring down legions of ice-floes and bergs from the Polar seas, and these, grounding on the northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and piling up over one another on headlands and in bays and estuaries, would tend still further to lower the temperature, until at last the normal average for the mid-winter months would be far below zero.

Usually we get these winds at the beginning of winter, as this year, or at the tail end of it, in March or April. They have lost much of their sting then. Their teeth are drawn, so to speak.

It is during December, January, and February that they are really terrible. Once in a long while we get a taste of them then, and Britain doesn't forget the experience in a hurry.

One such instance occurred in January, 1881. A real genuine blizzard swept down on us from out the frozen regions of the far north, and in less than a day and a night Britain lay helpless at the feet of the Frost King.

The wind, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, brought with it millions on millions of tons of snow, that swathed the whole country in a shroud of purest white. At the same time the thermometer fell twenty degrees in as many hours.

All this happened during the night. Next morning people woke to find the world, as they had previously known it, utterly and entirely changed.

Even in the sheltered streets of London the snow-drifts were in places many feet deep. The railways were blocked, and up till noon scarcely more than a score of trains, instead of several thousands as usual, managed to reach the metropolis.

As for the tram service, that was absolutely suspended. But here and there might have been seen a solitary 'bus, dragged painfully and slowly along by four or more horses, and displaying prominently the legend "Five shillings any distance."

In central London a few score cabmen were out with their cabs. Their charges were uniform—a sovereign a mile with a minimum of two sovereigns. And it is significant of the state of the streets that even at these exorbitant rates there was no lack of fares.

So much for this one typical blizzard! Now try to imagine a long succession of them, blowing day by day, and increasing in severity with each successive day.

Yes—increasing in severity. During three hundred odd days in the year, as things climatic are arranged at present, the warm south and south-west winds are driving back the Polar ice, are keeping it imprisoned, so to speak, in its Arctic home, where it can do no damage and cause but little inconvenience.

But reverse the prevailing winds, and the whole of the northern waters incircling these islands would be filled with ice every winter, across which the blizzards would sweep, gaining in intensity of cold with every mile. Such a wind would not only numb, it would kill. There would be more risk in venturing out of doors when it was raging than in going out to do battle with a well armed and vindictive enemy.

Under such circumstances our commercial supremacy would quickly vanish, if only because our harbours would be ice-bound during a considerable part of each year. Wheat we should not be able to grow. And as the rates for imports would quickly rise to double or perhaps treble what they are now, famine and bitter misery would become part and parcel of our daily lot.

Then would come emigration. All the best in muscle, brawn and brain would quit the stricken country. Those remaining would be in much the same position as are the natives of Iceland at this present moment.

Oats and barley would be our only cereals; and these would be cultivated by a couple of million or so of peasants, the sole inhabitants. Britain would be no longer Britain—it would be The Great White Land.

And all brought about by a change of wind!

GOLD AND GRAMOPHONES.
You may obtain these by getting a copy of Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

Valuable cash prizes are offered in the competition which starts in next Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

[illegible] a Sub.

Remarkable Revelations Regarding "Sags" and "Ragging."

"Scoring" [illegible] Form of Punishment.

One "Sub" was [illegible] in his Water-Bottle for a Week.

"Prisoner [illegible] convicted of being a dirty [illegible] the sentence of the court is that there be conferred upon you the Order of the Boot."

In these words [illegible] recently the decision of a [illegible] held by the subalterns of a [illegible] regiment, the "prisoner" [illegible] brother officer who had in some [illegible] the unwritten code of laws governing [illegible] members of the corps.

The punishment [illegible] forthwith, the offender being seized and [illegible] subalterns, while each of the others [illegible] a severe kick.

Sham courts [illegible] are no joke, either to the [illegible] taking part in them. Indeed, they [illegible] more than name.

The [illegible] to a real court are closely [illegible].

The senior [illegible] as president, takes his seat at the [illegible] table, down [illegible] the members, each in full [illegible] his sword.

As soon as all are seated in their places the "prisoner" is marched in. He is without his sword, and is

[illegible] escort.

The "indictment" is first read over to him, and then the [illegible] asks him, "Have you any objection [illegible] as president, or by any member of the court?"

Irreverent [illegible] have been known to answer this query by [illegible] "Yes, I object to [illegible] of you"; but as a rule it is replied to in [illegible] spirit.

Evidence is then [illegible] witnesses are cross-examined, as in an ordinary court of justice, after which the "prisoner" is [illegible] into an ante-room, and the president and members confer as to their verdict and sentence.

The former is [illegible] always "guilty," and the latter, whatever it may be, is carried out on the spot. The whole proceeding is known in army parlance as "ragging."

"Ragging" has always existed in one form or another in the British Army, the punishments inflicted varying in different regiments.

One of the most [illegible] too, that was a great favourite in certain cavalry corps well within the memory of people now living—

[illegible] "bottling."

It consisted in [illegible] the victim's hand, palm uppermost, [illegible] and then allowing water to fall upon it, drop by drop, from a height of [illegible]. The pain caused is very acute; so [illegible] men have been known to have been [illegible] insane by it.

Yet another variety of torture is that known as "trussing."

The sufferer is forced to sit upon the ground, and two sword [illegible] are placed, one under his knees and the other on his neck.

These are then drawn closer together, by means of a couple of twisted sashes, the ends of which are pulled in opposite directions by four lusty youngsters.

The result is to draw the neck and knees together and bend the spine into the shape of the letter "C."

The offences—"crimes" they are termed—for which these and other [illegible] punishments are inflicted vary [illegible] but the greater proportion are such as in civilian life would be accounted

very venial transgressions indeed.

"Carrying a [illegible] when on parade" earned an [illegible] "ragging" the other day.

For declining to subscribe towards the cost of keeping up the regimental drag another youngster was hounded out of his corps, and a promising career thereby cut short.

Yet a third [illegible]—and one, by-the-bye, which [illegible] all parties concerned—had its origin in a [illegible] by a waiter regarding what was [illegible] tip.

In this latter [illegible] the accused refused to submit to the "sentence" pronounced upon him by the "court-martial," and an unseemly scuffle was the result.

The "prisoner," being a skilful boxer and a powerfully built young man, got by no means the worst of it. Whereupon his "brother" officers determined to make his life unbearable in other ways.

His quarters were broken into and wrecked, his uniforms were cut to rags, a bath of ice-cold water was emptied over him one bitter night as he lay asleep; and, finally, some noxious drug was surreptitiously mixed with his morning coffee.

Severe illness was the result of this last little piece of "pleasantry," and the whole discreditable business came out.

Furthermore, the general in command of the district happened to be, in the best sense of the word, a "gentleman" as well as an officer, and he insisted on a court of inquiry.

It was held in due course, and, as is usual in such cases, with closed doors; but the upshot was that three of the ringleaders had to send in their "papers," while several of the other participants in the plot were severely reprimanded.

Other and even more [illegible] have been hushed up "for the credit of the corps," or lest the "honour of the [illegible]" should be tarnished.

One such is still recalled with bitter shame and regret by the participants therein. A newly-joined "sub." of [illegible] starting for India was sentenced to carry brine in his water-bottle for a week instead of fresh water.

Next day a route march took place, extending to over thirty-two miles. The youngster covered it gamely without wetting his lips, dragged himself on to the parade ground, saluted feebly in the customary manner at the command, "Officers fall out,"

Staggered, dropped and died.

Perhaps the most notorious among the few "ragging" cases that have become public property, and one which, moreover, is happily absolutely unique of its kind, was that which involved the honour of an officer named Robinson—and incidentally lashed the entire British nation well-nigh to frenzy—in the early sixties.

The "ragging" itself was of the usual type, but when the victim complained, he was actually placed under arrest by his commanding officer on a charge of having submitted to ungentlemanly conduct from his brother officers.

Probably Robinson's "chief" imagined that a mere formal "trial" would suffice, as it had done in hundreds of other instances, to silence the victim and rid the regiment of his objectionable presence.

But in this he reckoned without his host. Robinson was stubborn. Robinson had money. And in the end Robinson triumphed.

He engaged the best legal talent. The court-martial, which should, according to precedent, have been a matter of hours only, extended over thirty days.

Public opinion was strongly aroused. And although the court tamely and obediently brought in its verdict of guilty, its finding was promptly quashed and its sentence immediately and contemptuously set aside by the highest military authority in the land.

HE DROVE BETWEEN THEM.

Farmer Button walked into the Market Place with one arm in a sling, his head bandaged, and with the general appearance of having been in a very bad accident.

"How did it all happen?" a crowd of sympathetic inquirers hastened to ask.

Farmer Button shifted his bandages uneasily, and explained: "Driving home from market t'other night it were terrible dark up Black Hill, and presently I says to the driver: 'Look out, Jim; there be a light comin' down left side, and one comin' down right side; mind where you be a-going to.' 'Right,' says Jim; 'I'll drive slap in between 'em.' And he just up and did so, and hanged if they wara't both on 'em on to one cart—one on each side!"

"Well, good-bye, dear Mrs. Jones; I'm afraid I've put you out by calling at this unearthly hour."

"Good-bye; I hope I didn't show it."

"Why are you mourning?"

"Oh, for my sins."

"I didn't know that you had lost any."

Artful Jimmie (conscious of unprepared lessons and desirous of staying from school): "Mamma, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?"

"Doesn't it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?" they asked him.

"Yes, if he's a large man," replied the motorist. "It gives me a pretty rough jolt sometimes."

"Why have you been fighting, little boy?" asked the kind lady.

"For exercise," was the answer. "Do I look big enough to be a perfessional fightin' for a purse?"

IF OUR WEATHER CAME FROM THE EAST.

Britain would be "The Great White Land."

At present we get nineteen-twentieths of our "weather" from the west and south-west, and only one-twentieth from the east and north-east.

If this proportion were reversed, and the wind blew from the latter directions during nineteen days out of twenty throughout the year, Britain would have a climate akin to that of Labrador.

Londoners would go about in furs from October to April. The Thames would be frozen as hard as is the Neva [illegible], and our flora and fauna would correspond, to a great extent, with those of Central Siberia.

Of course, the change would not be apparent all at once. Just at first the waters of the Gulf Stream, which, winter and summer alike, [illegible] and enwrap these islands in a sort of [illegible] "warm bath," would mitigate the [illegible] of the [illegible] blasts.

But very soon this [illegible] would begin to grow colder and colder, until eventually it would cease to exist—so far, at all events, as we are concerned.

Meanwhile the continued succession of north-easterly winds would bring down hordes of icebergs and bergs from the Polar [illegible], which, [illegible] on the northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and piling up over one another in [illegible] and [illegible], would tend still further to lower the temperature, until at last the normal average for the midwinter months would be far below zero.

Usually we get these winds at the beginning of winter, as this year, or at the tail end of it, in March or April. They have lost much of their sting then. Their teeth are drawn, so to speak.

It is during December, January, and February that they are really terrible. Once in a long while we get a taste of them then, and Britain doesn't forget the experience in a hurry.

One such instance occurred in January, 1881. A real genuine blizzard swept down on us from out the frozen regions of the far north, and in less than a day and a night Britain lay helpless at the feet of the Frost King.

The wind, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, brought with it millions on millions of tons of snow, that swathed the whole country in a shroud of purest white. At the same time the thermometer fell twenty degrees in as many hours.

All this happened during the night. Next morning people woke to find the world, as they had previously known it, utterly and entirely changed.

Even in the sheltered streets of London the snow-drifts were in places many feet deep. The railways were blocked, and up till noon scarcely more than a score of trains, instead of several thousands as usual, managed to reach the metropolis.

As for the tram service, that was absolutely suspended. But here and there might have been seen a solitary 'bus, dragged painfully and slowly along by four or more horses, and displaying prominently the legend "Five shillings any distance."

In central London a few score cabmen were out with their cabs. Their charges were uniform—a sovereign a mile with a minimum of two sovereigns. And it is significant of the state of the streets that even at these exorbitant rates there was no lack of fares.

So much for this one typical blizzard! Now try to imagine a long succession of them, blowing day by day, and increasing in severity with each successive day.

Yes—increasing in severity. During three hundred odd days in the year, as things climatic are arranged at present, the warm south and south-west winds are driving back the Polar ice, are keeping it imprisoned, so to speak, in its Arctic home, where it can do no damage and cause but little inconvenience.

But reverse the prevailing winds, and the whole of the northern waters incircling these islands would be filled with ice every winter, across which the blizzards would sweep, gaining in intensity of cold with every mile. Such a wind would not only numb, it would kill. There would be more risk in venturing out of doors when it was raging than in going out to do battle with a well armed and vindictive enemy.

Under such circumstances our commercial supremacy would quickly vanish, if only because our harbours would be ice-bound during a considerable part of each year. Wheat we should not be able to grow. And as the rates for imports would quickly rise to double or perhaps treble what they are now, famine and bitter misery would become part and parcel of our daily lot.

Then would come emigration. All the best in muscle, brawn and brain would quit the stricken country. Those remaining would be in much the same position as are the natives of Iceland at this present moment.

Oats and barley would be our only cereals; and these would be cultivated by a couple of million or so of peasants, the sole inhabitants. Britain would be no longer Britain—it would be The Great White Land.

And all brought about by a change of wind!

GOLD AND GRAMOPHONES.
You may obtain these by getting a copy of Tuesday's Short Stories.

[illegible] for [illegible] Rules.

Some Players Receive £400 a Year.

Although the Recognised Limit is £208.

The Money is Taken from the Gate Receipts.

The statement in P.W. recently that there are Association players who still receive £400 per year as payment for playing appears to have startled some of the [illegible] of the day.

We have received [illegible] letters which claim that "the figure must be a misprint, because the English Association has ruled that no player may receive more than £208 per annum."

There is no misprint. The assertion is perfectly well founded. It is simply a case of driving the proverbial coach and four through the law.

Deep behind the scenes deadly admit that the systematic breaking of this rule is prevalent, the one difficulty being to secure such proof as would justify impeachment before the Association.

Such an authority as Mr. W. McGregor, father of the League, has repeatedly drawn attention to the matter, and others who have to do with clubs in the provinces have spoken out just as plainly; but the cry for "actual proof of cases in point" is the stumbling block.

"You see," said one well-known leader, "the penalties are so serious that the culprits take good care

to cover up the tracks.

"There is there a lot of money, but when clubs need players to save them from relegation they are ready to face the risk."

Of course the men who are receiving £400 a year are comparatively few.

They are mainly those who were receiving abnormally high rates before the Association sought to stop extravagance. But there are scores of others drawing more than £208 per year.

How is it done?

A certain amount is taken out of the receipts from week to week.

This is easily accomplished, as nobody who has not possession of the key to the checking arrangements can tell how many have been present.

It was discovered during the famous Everton turnstile frauds—in which heavy sums had been taken without discovery for some time by putting back the figures by means of a wire—that not even the officials can

accurately gauge the number present.

A thousand less entered in the books makes £25, and nobody can spot that difference, or even a difference of two thousand.

This is kept in a separate fund, and is managed under supervision by some friendly tradesman who acts as go-between.

In the cases which were most closely traced the players received the difference between the £208 which they may legally receive, and the £400 indicated, partly in a lump sum at the beginning of each season—this being to insure their prompt return for early training—and partly in a lump sum set apart to their credit and realisable on the completion of the term of years for which they have privately signed.

That the payment of these sums is suspected in other quarters than those usually identified with the game is proved by the issue of income tax demands which were in certain quarters paid, though the figures averaged more than £400 per annum, because the local authorities claimed to "know something,"

and suggested an inquiry.

But sums are more frequently paid in the way of weekly bonuses or in the payment of "an annual honorarium" dependent on the games won and drawn.

This, too, is illegal, but it is done, and it is said "the game is worth the candle."

A gentleman in close touch with one provincial team admits that they have been forced to alter their methods as a result of the doings of a neighbouring organisation.

They found they were doing badly whilst their neighbours were winning, and that the secret lay in some form of "recognition of success."

Thereupon, with the aid of "a benevolent outsider," who wildly became enthusiastic on the matter, they tried the experiment, with results which amply repaid for the outlay.

The rule is also evaded in the matter of engaging players, and if the inner history of some of the transfers which take place after the season has begun could be written a curious state of affairs would be disclosed.

Players are only supposed to be entitled to a signing bonus of £10. They see to it that they receive this, but it is swelled into a very substantial amount before the settlement is arrived at.

Especially is this the case where men are "got at" surreptitiously.

In these cases an agent appears who claims to be representing "no club in particular." According to the rules he cannot receive anything from a club, but his trade is nevertheless profitable.

He gets at a player and suggests that on his signing for a club to be afterwards named a given amount of money will be paid to him by a certain gentleman. The player is carefully kept in the dark until he has committed himself beyond the chance of recall.

Then begins a series of strange manœuvres which become all the more devious as the player has signed or not, or as the club which seeks his services is or is not in the same League.

If he is "fast," the man will suddenly show himself to be discontented, and sometimes have recourse to what is known as "playing for his papers"—that is, deliberately doing the worst he can without laying himself open to a charge before the Association.

The result is always the same. The club knows that if it keeps the man it will have to pay him his wages without adequate return, whilst if it transfers him it will save his wages and get the amount of any transfer fee

from the club to which he goes.

There have been three cases this season suspected to be of this class. They do not often occur. To do them justice, the professionals as a whole are too loyal and honourable to indulge in such a system; but the exceptions occur, and they add materially to the income of certain of the men.

Another way by which clubs "make it right" with players is by means of benefit matches. These can only be given now under sanction, but, when they are given, the return made to the Association does not always show the amount handed over to the player. The receipts are usually supplemented; whilst if the affair cannot be satisfactorily met in this way, "a private testimonial" is worked up.

The thing is difficult and risky to some extent; but where everybody enters into the conspiracy because they regard the law as iniquitous, and its disregard as meritorious, the dangers of discovery are reduced.

Besides, the penalty of discovery would fall on both sides, so that there is no chance of anybody "splitting," unless some player takes it into his head to "tell tales" on his retirement from the game.

It would appear from the talk of the leaders of the game that some counsel a return to the old days of "free trade in wages," on the theory that "the present rules only foster doubtful tactics." But on the other hand others think the breaches of the rule are becoming fewer.

They say committeemen find the double dealing irksome, even when they do not resent it as derogatory to self-respect.

Our representative finds that this represents the balance of opinion, and that the managers of the average teams, so far from seeking an abrogation of the £208 limit, regard it as "the salvation of the game."

Miss Witherss: "I believe Arthur is afraid to propose to me."

Belle: "Of course he is, and there are thousands of others just like him."

Barber: "Hair cut or shave, sir?"

Customer (sarcastically): "Oh, I don't care which. I only came here to hear you talk and get a few points about things in general."

Hostess: "Yes, our dining room carpet is ruined."

Visitor: "Moths?"

"One moth did it all."

"Nonsense!"

"It's a fact. My husband saw this moth flying about, and in trying to catch it he upset a bottle of ink and a lighted lamp on the carpet."

"Charlie, dear, what is a monopoly?" she asked, looking up tenderly, as she rested submissively in his arms, with her dainty head nestled against his coat collar.

"Well," replied Charlie, manfully struggling to bring his mind to cope with abstruse subjects, and failing altogether to get beyond concrete facts, "I sincerely hope that this is."

A great deal of laughter was created at a provincial police-court the other day by an excitable German, who was charged with some minor offence.

"Are you a single man?" asked the magistrate.

"Now, you look here," was the indignant reply, "don't you try to make no skoke wit me jcost because I vas Dutch and green. Do I look like I vas a double man? Do I look like I vas a Si-mese dwin? Huh! I vas no fool, if I vas not long in this guntry."

STRIKES STARTED BY PIGEONS,

And Animals which have Caused Panics.

Packs of dogs are causing havoc in South Africa as a strange result of the late military operations. The troops, occupying the farmhouses, were encouraged in their efforts to obtain [illegible] pets. The animals were of great value for the purpose of giving timely warning of the presence of the enemy in the dark hours.

Upon the evacuation of the farmhouses it was found to be impossible to [illegible] such a great number having accumulated during the time the war was in progress.

Hundreds of the homeless creatures were consequently reduced to the verge of starvation, and they have formed themselves into large packs. These are roaming about the country in search of food. Sheep and goats are their distinct[illegible]

A bull caused intense excitement at Hanley during the course of a recent match between the local football clubs, Hunthack and Stoke Post Office. It was all on account of the red shirts worn by the players on one side.

The bull was in a neighbouring inclosure. It saw the red shirts. There was a moment of defiance, and the animal made a rush on to the field of play, scattering the spectators in all directions.

It charged the red shirts, who made a mad dash towards a stone wall, over which they climbed and tumbled to safety. One poor wight missed, and was obliged to seek refuge behind a tree.

Then followed an exciting game of "Peep-bo," but not exactly an enjoyable one so far as the red shirt was concerned. Eventually the footballer saw his chance and dashed for the wall, with the infuriated animal at his heels. His dash for liberty was successful, as he managed to scale the wall without the direct assistance of his pursuer.

For a full twenty minutes the bull kept possession of the field of play, the exposure of those who had paid to see a football match. Then it yielded, and was restored to its inclosure, after which the match was played to a proper finish.

A Leeds dog stole a donkey, attracting a great crowd of people at the same time. It took place in Meadow Lane, along which a boy was leading the donkey by means of a long rope.

The dog, a big, shaggy Irish terrier, dashed out of a side street and, seizing the rope in its teeth, ran off with the poor ass. The bystanders gazed open-mouthed, and then gave chase.

The donkey kicked and bucked, but in vain. It plunged and held back. But the audacious thief was powerful, and tugged steadily on.

Dog, donkey, and a great yelling mob scurried along helter-skelter over Holbeck Moor.

After quite a long chase the donkey was recaptured, and the terrier beaten off by the perspiring populace.

The mineral love of pigeons has already caused a strike. The pigeons are kept for the purpose of flying in matches and for exhibiting at bird shows. The Hotton Coal Company, the proprietors of the Lyons and Eppleton Collieries, county Durham, gave notice that their miners must cease keeping pigeons unless the birds were kept fastened up constantly.

Here was a grievance. The pits were thrown idle on account of the pigeons, and some three or four thousand miners ceased work.

It was a monkey which stopped a play at the Garden Theatre, New York. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was playing her part in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, when the spectators took their eyes off her in order to watch the pranks of a monkey in the first balcony.

It was a very clever monkey, and gave a remarkable exhibition of dexterity and laughable antics. This vastly amused the audience who were not near to him, but the play had to be stopped.

During the last days of the Royal Aquarium in London, an escaped chimpanzee created quite a sensation by its antics at the highest point in the roof of the building. A full hour elapsed before it could be coaxed down—by a handful of apples thrown in its direction.

Its adventure put it in a good humour, for it afterwards gave a clog dance, smoked a cigar, rode a bicycle, and mopped its face with a handkerchief it had found—in somebody's pocket.

A rat caused quite as great a sensation in a Liverpool theatre. For a "joke" a live rat was dropped by an occupant of the gallery, and it fell upon a lady in the lower part of the house. Thence it scrambled away causing general disorder.

There was much consternation and screaming. The lady upon whom the rat fell swooned, and had to be carried out of the building. She was conveyed home in a cab, leaving a tumult behind.

In November a poor little mouse caused a direct loss of £3,000 to the Croydon County Council, and plunged Croydon into darkness for a couple of nights. The mouse got between the terminals of a high-tension voltmeter, and was at once incinerated. This accident caused a fire to break out in the electricity generating station, and great damage was done to the plant.

All the back numbers containing the pictures in the £5 a Week for Life contest may be obtained through your newsvendor.

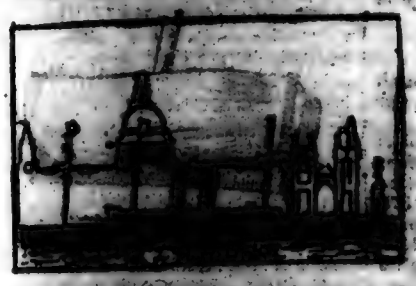
Largest Ship Afloat.

Her Great Voyage.

Britannia rules still. Britain alone could have launched the Biggest Ship, the *Cedric*, which, in spite of her Mammoth proportions, is

STEALING SILENTLY AWAY TO SEA.

Her hold is deeper down than to feel than all but the highest houses in London. No public building in England equals her in height, which indeed is little of the [illegible] *St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Mary's, Westminster Abbey (W. Front)* and *The Albert Memorial (width).*



America and Germany are each proud of their big liners, in spite of [illegible] boilerplate. It required Belfast to build the *Cedric*.

BRITISH WORKMEN BEAT ALL.

British Labour is the secret of British Success, says the Belfast TELEGRAPH, referring to Harland and Wolff's yard, where the *Cedric* was built.

Many of the [illegible] goes from vessel to vessel, gaining experience [illegible] successive ship they help to build. "I [illegible] building, too, on 'the big boat,'" said one of them to a Mr. Hawkins referring to the *Oceanic*, "and the result was that I became afflicted with rheumatism, and it spread to my kidneys. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people cured me eventually, but [illegible] severely first, and I was obliged to stay in [illegible] Abyssinia Street, Belfast, for many a month. [illegible] the kidney trouble I had severe pains in [illegible] and muscles, and in the back and sides; in fact, all over my body. Things went on from bad to worse, till one day I determined to see whether these pills, which so many praise, would do me any good.

"I began to feel an improvement. The pains began to go away, so I kept on the pills, with the result that they have really cured me. My appetite is now fair, and my food does me good."

"My food does me good!" That is what many say who for long have been unable to get any good out of it. By improving the blood and enabling it to absorb the food, Dr. Williams' pink pills cure weakness, indigestion, kidney diseases, anæmia, bile, liver complaint. Their value in rheumatism and women's backaches is well known—so well that it is hardly needful to warn our readers against substitutes; they will take care to get the genuine pills, with the full seven-word title.

THE ONEIRIC'S LARDER.

The White Star liner *Cedric* is registered to carry 3,000 passengers. She is virtually a huge floating hotel, carrying ample reserves of food in case of delay. 35,000 lbs. of meat, 10,000 bottles of beer, 6,000 lbs. fish, 2,000 lbs. [illegible], 700 lbs. tea, are parts of quite her ordinary larder, full.

Is Football Dangerous?

A Spectator's Peril.

Of the millions who love the football field there are few who cannot [illegible] from the escape of Edward Cox, [illegible] employed at the engineering works of [illegible], Sharp, Stewart and Co., Manchester. One was [illegible] followed of the Association game, [illegible] supporter of the Manchester City [illegible] through all its vicissitudes in the First Division. [illegible] still, but his enthusiasm [illegible] injury.

"I well recall the [illegible]," said he to a MANCHESTER [illegible] representative, at his home, 23 [illegible] Street. "My experience revealed some of the dangers that lurk around the enclosure. Mr. [illegible], a good sportsman, was so eager to see the game [illegible] that he neglected ordinary precautions. [illegible] suffering from a cold, he stood out on the [illegible] cold March afternoon of the Foxes [illegible] game by being unable to leave the [illegible] for months. He was laid up with [illegible] recovered from this the doctors told him that rheumatism had set in in his muscles. Mr. Cox, unable to follow his employment, was becoming [illegible] when his mother heard of the "miraculous cure," as Mrs. Cox termed it, of a neighbour's child by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people.

"The child's case has been the talk of the neighbourhood," said Mr. Cox to the reporter, "and I am glad I heard of it. The very first box of Dr. Williams' pink pills acted right on the spot of the awful pains in my limbs. By the time I took a second box I was able to bend my back and stoop. They seemed like getting back to work, and I was thankful. After having a few doses of the third box I went to my work, and have not been off it since."

No one can afford to neglect a cold. Bleak days and exposure do not cause influenza or rheumatism, but if the system is not strong they lay it open to attack. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people (to avoid substitutes see that the three [illegible] words are on wrapper) fortify the system against colds, bronchitis, influenza, rheumatism. All who are exposed should take them. By giving new blood these pills, which may be had post free for two and ninepence from Dr. Williams' medicine company, Holborn viaduct, London, if local shopkeepers offer substitutes, directly cure anæmia, eczema, kidney disease, consumption, and the ailments which women endure in silence, pains in the back, weakness, and recurrent misery. They are not purgative, but on the contrary strengthening. The strength and warm blood which they give make them a valuable precaution against the Perils of the Football Field, for Spectators as well as Players.

THE POLICEMAN'S HAND.

Raised in the midst of crowded traffic, the Policeman's Hand brings order out of chaos; as he diverts, directs, skilfully controls the hurrying horses. The Birmingham "bobby" does this work to perfection, says a local paper, describing a mission of its representative. Here, at 5 Tennant Street, Five Ways, Edgbaston, Birmingham, Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people effected one of their extraordinary cures, in the case of Miss Stanton.

"For about a year," said she, "I had suffered greatly from indigestion, which grew worse and worse in spite of the remedies I took. At the hospital I was told that, owing to my anæmic state and my neglect of the persistent indigestion which acutely troubled me, the disease had caused gastric ulcer—that is, an

Official position for regulating traffic.

actual sore on the inner coat of the stomach. I experienced gnawing pain if I took even the lightest food, and a sickening depression. When I did manage to take a little it did me no good, for my stomach would not retain it.

"I had almost lost hope when an acquaintance, living at Edgbaston, Birmingham, advised me to try Dr. Williams' pink pills. I bought a box, and before I had finished it I was a great deal better. The pain grew less severe, and I was able to enjoy and retain my food. I continued to take the pills, and grew stronger and better in consequence. I can honestly say that I never felt better than I do at this moment."

Neglected indigestion leads to the frightful internal injury of which Miss Stanton was cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills. The wise will not let disease go so far. Sold by chemists or Dr. Williams' medicine company, Holborn viaduct, London, at two and ninepence, post free, these pills have also cured anæmia, consumption, paralysis, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, nervous and spinal weakness, and the ailments which torture silent women. The simple story of Miss Stanton should direct all readers to the means of cure just as surely and as unmistakably as the Policeman's Hand directs the Traffic whither it must go.

HINTS ON SHOPPING.

When you want a thing, see that you get it.

Most shops are honest: they sell you what you ask for and do not try to make more money out of you by offering "something else" instead. But—Beware of some shopmen who want to sell you "something else." Avoid tradesmen who offer you substitutes.

If you are satisfied that Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are a medicine that will do you good (and they *will*), do not let any shopkeeper persuade you to take anything else. Anything else is a substitute—sold at a low price, perhaps, but at a huge profit—no good to you or anyone.

If you are pestered by the local shopkeeper to buy a substitute when you ask for Dr. Williams' pink pills, come away and never enter the shop again—you will be cheated in other ways than this. Buy Dr. Williams' pink pills at an honest shop where they do not tease you with substitutes; or send direct by post to Dr. Williams' medicine company, Holborn viaduct, London.

Second Childhood.

At what age does it come?

Most people are supposed, if they live long enough, to arrive at what is popularly called second childhood. Occasionally what appear to be signs of it come unpleasantly early. To a certain extent, this was the experience of Mr. Percy J. Harris, a sign-writer, who resides at 3 Wells Street, Albany Road, Camberwell, and who, though he can afford to laugh at his old fears now, thanks to Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, was by no means in a happy frame of mind a few months ago. In the course of a conversation with a representative of the SOUTH LONDON PALACE recently, Mr. Harris described how he used to feel "like a child six or seven years of age." He said:

"I enjoyed good health until about twelve months ago, when I began to suffer with an affection of the nerves, and gradually got into a low and depressed state. I could not sleep at night, and was always glad when daylight came. If I stayed at home I wanted to go out; and when I was out, I wanted to be at home. In common parlance, I got quite 'funky' about myself. My nerves were absolutely unstrung, and at times it seemed as if electricity was coursing through my hands. Then pimples came out all over me—the effect, no doubt, of poor blood.

"I thought I could soon put myself right, but I found out my mistake. I tried various remedies, but they made me worse instead of better, and then the chemist recommended me to try Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. I followed his advice, and before I had consumed half a box I felt very much better. The pills brought me up wonderfully, cleared the system, and when I had taken three boxes I was in thoroughly good health, and quite free from the pimples again. I could hardly credit the difference. I used to feel like a child six or seven years old, and it makes me laugh now when I think of how nervous I was at one time. There is no doubt Dr. Williams' pink pills have cured me, and I can confidently recommend them."

By their tonic action on the nerves Dr. Williams' pink pills have cured nervousness, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, and even locomotor ataxy. They have also cured rheumatism, sciatica, diseases arising from impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, rickets, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs, anæmia, pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, nervous headache, neuralgia, early decay, all forms of female weakness and hysteria. These pills are a tonic, not a purgative. They are genuine only with the name, Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, and are sold by chemists, and by Dr. Williams' medicine company, Forty-six, Holborn viaduct, London, E.C., at two and nine a box, or six boxes for thirteen and ninepence. Pink pills sold loose or from glass jars are not Dr. Williams' pink pills; accept them only in the pink closed wrappers as above described.

Woman's Charm.

An Expert Opinion.

"Let us examine," wrote a clever doctor, "what the world and the lover call Charm in Woman. This womanly perfection and subtle appeal are the counterpart of virility in man. Given this, the plainest of features become alive with the charm that wins hearts. Without it beauty is but a dead mask, impotent to attract. What is it that makes some women wholly delightful, others insipid, dull, plain? The defect in the latter arises wholly from the lack of one other thing—abundant, rich blood. Without it a woman cannot be fully a woman: she lacks the magnetism of her sex." Blood like this, poured into every vein by every dose of Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, mantling in the cheek, and permeating every organ of the body, imparts the opulent charm, the more than magnetic attraction which, far better than cold, lifeless beauty, wins lasting affection; for mere loveliness of feature warms no heart without the characteristic charm of femininity. Health comes with it: health is indeed

THE WARM SECRET,

but it is the health which new blood gives which we must strive to attain. Women who would charm must not impoverish or waste their blood by taking aperient or opening medicines; Dr. Williams' pink pills give strength, they do not purge it away.

The following story of a charming lady, soon to be married, proved this: "I had never been altogether well since I was twelve," said Miss Agnes Chamberlain, 32 Occupation Road, Uxbridge. "Aching pains in my back and limbs made me very miserable. I was giddy and short of breath—all signs of anæmia, or bloodlessness. But worse followed—my life was threatened. At Brompton Consumption Hospital I was told there was no hope for me. But the gentleman to whom I was engaged gave me Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Before one box had gone I had begun to eat better and enjoy my food—I was getting new blood. The pains in the back and giddiness left me; in not many weeks I was strong and active again."

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE!

(Limits will NOT be applied.)

AND A FURTHER SUM OF

£1,000 CASH DOWN.

...P YOUR ...ICTURES ... BY YOU.

If any member of your family wants the pictures below, they will be found in to-day's BIG BUDGET, 1D.

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of certain objects which, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom.

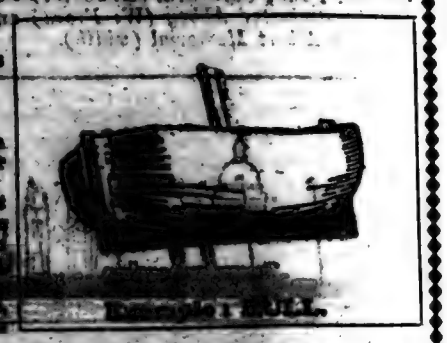
What you have to do is to find the railway station with the longest name made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound). For example, shown here.

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown here, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the name of the railway station which each represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and KEEP THE PAGE BY YOU. A NEW PICTURE WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK.

The prize of £5 a Week for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editors of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget* shall receive the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions stated below. A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: First Consolation Gift, £100; Second Cash Gift, £50; Third Cash Gift, £20; Fourth Cash Gift, £15; Fifth Cash Gift, £10; Sixth Cash Gift, £5; Seventh Cash Gift, £25; Eighth to Fifty-seventh Cash Gifts, £10 each; Fifty-eighth to Hundred-and-seventh Cash Gifts, £5 each. This same prize is offered in THE BIG BUDGET (one penny every Thursday). There are also two prizes of £5 a Week for Life, one prize of £5 a Week for Life for PEARSON'S WEEKLY and BIG BUDGET readers combined. This also applies to the consolation gifts.



CUT ACROSS HERE.

This competition started in PEARSON'S WEEKLY, No. 455. Back numbers may be obtained through any newsagent or bookstall clerk. The complete set may be obtained from our office for one shilling post free.

CONDITIONS.

The name must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)

Only one name is allowed under each picture.

No abbreviations are allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.

When you have filled up your set of pictures, cut it out and keep it by you. You may forward as many complete sets of the pictures as they like. Each complete series will be considered independently, and the sets, containing the greatest number of correct solutions, will be compared together at the top indicated overleaf.

The name of the station with the greatest number of letters, making up of the names (or words which have the same sound) of the objects or objects depicted in each picture in the correct solution, shall be the winner. If there are two or more of such names of stations depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, each will be deemed correct.

No competitor may obtain the assistance of professional competition solvers, who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Those who enter for this competition may do so only on this understanding. The Editors do not wish to be bothered with letters on the subject.

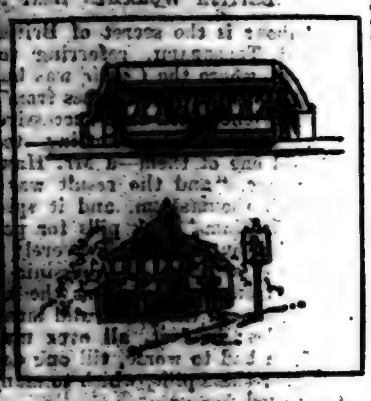
In the place of prizes of further sets (or, if preferred, money equivalent) of pictures, will be substituted for the following competitors until one shall be found who shall be the winner.

The first prize—£5 a Week for Life—will be paid to the winner, who shall not be entitled to receive from the neighbourhood. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge each weekly payment, and his receipt alone will be sufficient.

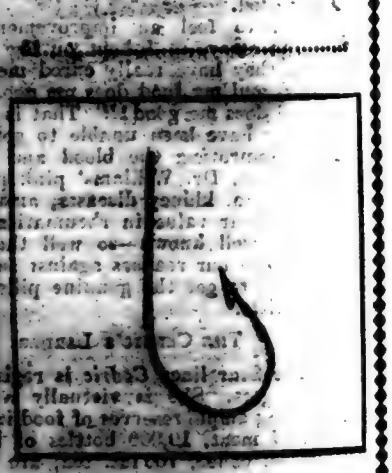
The winner's name will be noted in the Editors' Diary to Bradshaw's Railway Guide, 1903 (this is now out of print, but a reprint of the Diary is shortly expected). What is all you require, will be a little three penny stamp on application to Bradshaw's *Guide*, 59, Fleet Street, London, E.C., or to Room 7, Pearson's Weekly, 10, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

(These conditions are subject to correction and alteration before the competition closes.)

No inquiries regarding these conditions can be answered either personally or through the post. If a point of sufficient general interest is raised, it will be dealt with in the paper.



49.....



53.....

Address.....

CUT ACROSS HERE.

ANOTHER COMPETITION.

Great Opportunity for Getting Gold and Gramophones.

We are sure that competitors in our big competition will appreciate an opportunity which is now given of exercising their ingenuity in another competition in which it is possible for them to use their skill of "Bradshaw's Guide." This competition consists of a number of sentences in which the names of a number of railway stations in the United Kingdom are hidden. It is quite a new sort of competition, and one that will appeal to you more especially, as no doubt by this time you are all quite experts at solving puzzles, and finding the names of a large number of stations at your fingers' ends.

The competition in question starts in our little sixpenny fiction paper Sugar Sprays. You can obtain a copy from the newsvendor who supplied you with Pearson's Weekly. Its cost is a penny, and it consists of thirty-two pages of charming fiction, fully illustrated, and wrapped in a cover bearing an illustration in two colours.

As far as the prizes are concerned, you not only have an opportunity of winning various sums of ready cash down, but of securing one of the numerous Gramophones offered. These Gramophones are really wonderful instruments, and each will be accompanied by two records which will reproduce bright songs and music.

Some thousands of these Gramophones have already been distributed amongst readers, and have given unbounded satisfaction. They are not mere toys, but very useful instruments, capable of amusing a room full of people for hours. A large number of these Gramophones are offered in the Sugar Sprays Competition.

This is a splendid opportunity for you to utilise your knowledge of the names of railway stations and your ability for solving puzzles. The competition starts in Sugar Sprays published on Tuesday next, March 24th. Further particulars will be found in the number now on sale. If your newsagent is sold out of Sugar Sprays, ask him to order you one.

We wish to thank the thousands of competitors who, since last week, have sent us cuttings from certain contemporaries containing lists of words which are supposed to be solutions to the pictures in the £5 a Week contest. It is gratifying to observe that a huge number of these competitors state that they have discontinued taking the papers containing these alleged solutions, simply because their ideas of fair play had been violated. The competitor who relies on his own ability to solve the pictures without assistance of this kind will stand a much better chance of securing the big prize.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Every issue of Pearson's *Weekly* has to go to press a fortnight before it comes into your hands, with the result that any statement of importance which we may have to make to you concerning the competition is unfortunately delayed. As a convenience to our readers we have made arrangements with the MIDLAND EXPRESS (London and North and Midlands generally), MIDLAND EXPRESS (Midlands and Midlands), and the NORTH [illegible] (Newcastle and Northern District), to supply copies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding the competition in the competition. This information will be found at the foot of the first column on the second page. The morning newspapers in question may be obtained from any newsvendor in the districts throughout which they circulate for a halfpenny.

ASTHMA CURABLE

WHY? It is generally thought that there is no Cure for ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, BLOOD SPITTING, HAY FEVER, and other Lung Complaints.

BECAUSE! So-called Specialists only confine themselves to combating symptoms, instead of attacking the root of the disease.

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE!

Sufferers will receive, post free, FREE OF CHARGE, particulars of the Famous ... TREATMENT ... upon applying to

THE PAUL WEIDHAAS ... INSTITUTE, 16, Buckingham Rd., BRIGHTON.

Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and ... for over 12 years by many thousands of special cases ... have been cured by his Treatment ... GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE ... daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and ... FREE.

Read the following testimonials, two out of thousands received:—

MR. RIGBY. (From a photo.)

ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

MRS. CHAPPLE. (From a photo.)

... most happy to say I have had no return of Asthma since. MRS. M. J. CHAPPLE, ...

(Address on application.)

NOTE.—Quite recently Mrs. Chapple wrote ...

THE DIRECTORS ... £1,000 to any Charitable Institution if the above are not genuine ... the patients' own letters. The originals may be seen ... by any bona fide inquirer.

ASTHMA CURABLE

GRAVES

No. 2. Rolling "..." Stove.

THE ENTERPRISE PARCEL of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate ... articles for 25/-.

Send ... with order, and ... Address ... SHEFFIELD.

"OUR HIDDEN FOES."

IF you are suffering from any MICROBIC DISEASE, especially SKIN COMPLAINTS, CONSUMPTION, &c., send for Pamphlets (Free) explaining the Radam Treatment. WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER Co., 112 Oxford Street, London, W. The success of this method of antiseptic cure is most remarkable.

WEAK FOLKS!

A means of restoring youthful vigour is priceless. Nothing is worth more to a man or woman than health ...

The Dr. P. McLAUGHLIN Co.'s

ELECTRO VIGOUR

Will do all that is claimed for it, as thousands who have been cured will testify. It pours glowing, exhilarating vitality into you while you sleep; it rejuvenates ... circulation, stimulates the brain to activity, and fills the body with life, ambition, and endurance. In one day's use it will make you feel as if born anew. It furnishes the motive power that runs your body, and quickly banishes pain. It cures Nervous Disorders, WEAK BACK, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowel Troubles, "Come-and-go" Pains, and that Tired Feeling after every other treatment has failed.

WHAT WE SAY, WE PROVE. The following is only one of the many testimonials we daily receive from grateful people whom we have cured:

"About a month ago I bought one of your appliances ...

(Signed) ...

We give a free test to all who call. If you can't call, we will send you our beautiful ...-page book with full information. It is free. Call or write to-day.

The Dr. P. McLaughlin Co.,

164 STRAND, London, W.C.

Office Hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

FREE. SAMPLE & BOOKLET Post Free ...

SICK MADE WELL, WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvellous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed— The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty records of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 422 Baker Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A., makes the

DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body ...

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood, and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation, and a state of perfect health is produced at once. ... the doctor all systems alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to-day. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

Remember, a letter to America from the British Isles requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain, and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

EPILEPTIC FITS

DON'T FAIL to send for Pamphlet containing Full Particulars and Testimonials (sent free).

TRENCH'S REMEDY.

Over 1,000 Testimonials received during one year, as certified by an eminent firm of Chartered Accountants.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., 33 South Frederick Street, DUBLIN.

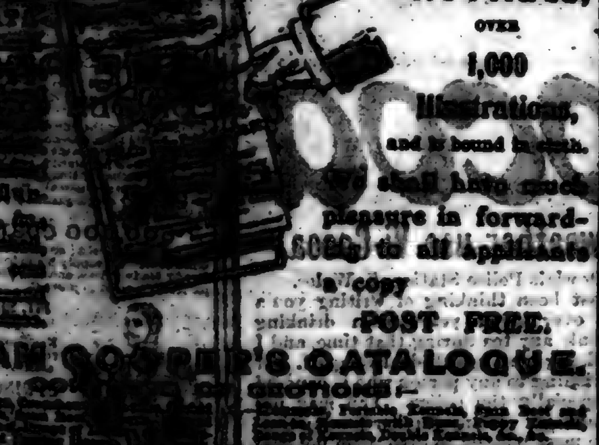
ZOX, the sure pain cure.

Free Samples of ZOX are sent to any reader of "Pearson's Weekly."

The annexed illustration shows the nerves most susceptible to Neuralgia which are quickly soothed by Zox.

It is the easiest remedy to take, a tiny powder which can be taken in any liquid. ZOX acts like a charm ... Headache ... Neuralgia ... All sufferers will be glad to ... a ... Free Powder to any reader of "Pearson's Weekly," who will send a stamped addressed envelope to the ZOX CO., 11 ... Garden, London, E.C. Of Chemists, &c., at 1/- & 2/6 per box.

250,000 FREE COPIES



CONTAINING 416 PAGES, OVER 1,000 Illustrations, and is bound in cloth. We shall have much pleasure in forwarding to all applicants a copy POST FREE.

WILLIAM COOPER'S CATALOGUE.

COOPER Ltd., 751 Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST,

And 156 to 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

THE WHISPERS OF FANCY

Never breathed a more marvellous story than that told in the fascinating free book, "The Philosophy of Personal Influence." It reveals the secrets of success and explains that intangible, subtle something called "Personal Magnetism" that holds the world in bondage and makes one person obedient to the slightest wish of another.

HAVE YOU FAILED TO SUCCEED?

Read this book and learn the reason why. Have you hoped and wished and worked in vain while others ... without an effort, have forged ahead in the race of life? Your failure is not blind chance; their success is not an accident. There is a cause—a reason—for every effect. This remarkable book contains the key. It draws the line between success and failure so bold that you cannot help but see it. Read it and learn the secret of Napoleon's success, of Rockefeller's vast accumulation of wealth. You can master this marvellous power at your own home in a few days, and wield an influence that will make you master of your destiny. The book is absolutely free. A penny post-card will bring it while the present edition lasts. Write to-day. Address—

New York Institute of Science, Dept. 5E36, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Patronised by Royalty.

Triumph Cycles

... Gns. to 19 Gns., or from a Guinea per m...

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., Ltd., Coventry.

... Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

... Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

Art Catalogue Gratis.

... Write for our Free Illustrated Book "CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER?" Remember a letter to New York requires 2½d. postage.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE, Dept. 64, 240-242 W. 23rd St., New York, U.S.A.

WEAK FOLKS!
WHAT TO REMEMBER WEEK ENDING Mar. 26th.
Some things most essential to well ordered home life are just as essential to the baby, not suitable to grant, as to its mother, father, sister or brother! REMEMBER THIS TO-DAY: health is wanted for everyone in the home. Scott's Emulsion supplies it to everyone—it is only a question of the size of dose. But see that you get Scott's Emulsion at the Chemist's—Scott's Emulsion alone provides health for all the family.
CLOTHING
SUITS
Agents Wanted
PETER'S
ORIGINAL
CHOCOLATE
Beauty.
Mab
Dwarf
Razor
BRAKE
BEST FOR BICYCLES
PENS
"GLIDEAWAY"
Cocoa
DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.
THE PROFIT
OUR CLOTHES
CUSTOMERS
SPRING & SUMMER SUITINGS.
WOOLF BROS.

BEGIN TO-DAY.

Those who have not yet started this story should turn to the last page and read the opinions of a few readers regarding it.

Life's Great Handicap.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Hubert Dreighton, owner of Castle Cowan.

Reggie Dreighton } twins, son and daughter of Sir
Violet Dreighton } Hubert.

Fred Templeton, in love with Violet.

Lord Arthur Gorham, the man whom Violet loves.

Bill Baily, a broken-down racing tout.

May Cory, daughter of Sir Hubert's head keeper, with whom Reggie is in love.

Margaret de Fèvre, a music-hall artiste, and friend of Templeton.

THE START.

Reginald Dreighton, the son and heir of Sir Hubert Dreighton, is madly in love with May Cory, the daughter of Sir Hubert's head keeper.

Cory, the keeper, being under the impression that Reginald is not acting honourably towards May, tells Sir Hubert about the affair, and informs him that it has got to stop.

"He meets her in the woods to-night at nine," says Cory.

That night Sir Hubert goes to the woods, and overhears his son pouring passionate words of love into May's willing ears. He bursts in upon them, and in a paroxysm of rage and wounded pride bitterly denounces his son, ending by striking him with the stick he carries.

Reggie rushes away to the keeper's lodge, and thrashes him till he drops unconscious.

Cory's dead body is found next morning. Reggie has disappeared.

Old Sir Hubert's grief is terrible; a search is instituted, but without avail.

While Reggie's twin sister Violet is wandering about the woods hoping to discover some trace of her brother, a man accosts her.

He saw Reggie leave the keeper's lodge. He and only he, so he says. He is willing to be silent if Violet agrees to arrange that Sir Hubert's horse, The Prince, which is the favourite for the Duke of York's Stakes, is scratched. The man's name is Bill Baily. If The Prince is scratched his own horse will win, and he will secure an enormous sum. Otherwise he will be ruined.

Violet agrees to give him the key of the stables.

Baily goes, and Violet sinks to the ground, and cries as though her heart would break. Here Lord Arthur Gorham discovers her, and tries to soothe her, and pleads with her to marry him. Violet admits that she loves him, but says that it is impossible for her to marry anyone.

Unknown to both of them, Fred Templeton has been watching in the woods.

Templeton then goes to Baily, learns when and where Violet is to give him the stable key, and leaves for London.

While in London he accidentally runs into Reggie Dreighton, who accounts for his presence in London by saying he has had a row at home.

Templeton brings him to his flat, and makes him comfortable. He, himself, has to go out, and gives Reggie papers to read till his return. These papers give Reggie the first intimation that he is a murderer. Hurriedly scrawling a line of explanation and confession he leaves Templeton, who shortly after returns with a friend, Mlle. Margaret de Fèvre, a music-hall artiste.

Margaret, unknown to Templeton, sees the note, reads it, and, guessing that it is Templeton's ambition to get Reggie in his power, marry Violet, and become Sir Hubert's heir, keeps her knowledge and the letter to herself.

Late that night she drives to all the Thames bridges, seeking for a solitary, desperate man.

She finds him, Reggie Dreighton, and much against his will compels him to return with her to her flat where she promises him a safe retreat.

Next day, Templeton goes down to Cowan village, witnesses the meeting between Violet and Baily, and learns that Reggie is the murderer of Cory.

He thus holds two of Violet's secrets, upon which his fortune is to be built.

The night before the race, Templeton persuades the trainer to change The Prince's stable in case of accident. Thus it comes about that Bill Baily drugs the wrong horse, and on the day of the race The Prince comes in first.

Templeton then seeks an interview with Violet, and persuades her to confide in him regarding Reggie and the drugging of The Prince.

He then sends for the infuriated Baily and tells him that if he attempts in any way to betray Violet, he will tell Sir Hubert who it was who stole the key of the stables in order to dope The Prince.

Templeton also asserts that he knows that Reggie didn't kill Cory. Quite a chance shot, but it goes home, and Baily promises not to breathe another word of the murder.

Templeton then sees Violet, and obtains her promise to marry him.

He next comes to London to invoke Margaret's aid in getting Reggie out of the way. Margaret, who is still sheltering Reggie, hears the whole of Templeton's plot and says she will help him, and sends him away little knowing how deeply he is playing into her hands.

EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

"I Can't Give You Up—I Won't Give You Up."

When Violet Dreighton awoke the morning following her terrible interview with Fred Templeton, the recollection that she had promised to marry him struck like a bullet at her heart.

She lay back in her bed hiding her face among the pillows, almost afraid of the daylight, afraid of life itself, afraid to rise and face a new day.

She had sold herself to save her brother; she clung tenaciously to that thought trying to oust all others—to save her brother! But in saving her brother's life she had slain Love. Love lay murdered by her side and she knew now only too well, now it was too late, whose face and form he bore, Lord Arthur Gorham's!

The sun slanting through the bedroom window, the wind's fingers tapping at the window panes, the finches and robins twittering among the leaves, Nature singing the joys of life and a new day born—all these sounds frightened her; they were mocking notes of music, beautiful music that would never be hers.

The man she loved would scornfully turn his back on her and go far, far away, believing her false, fickle, foolish; another would take her in his arms, would press the lips sacred to dead love, would possess her—she drew the clothes over her head and stifled a scream, terrified and horrified at the thoughts that crowded on her, at the realisation of what a loveless marriage meant.

The maid entered the room with the early morning tea and letters.

"I shall not come down to breakfast, I don't wish to be disturbed until lunch-time!"

"Very good, miss."

As soon as she was alone again Violet looked carelessly at her letters; day after day she had expected a letter from May Cory, and day after day she had been disappointed, and now on a small, square envelope she saw the writing she had prayed so often to see; now that it did not matter, it had come!

For Templeton had promised to find Reggie and she imagined he would keep his promise, if she kept hers.

She opened the letter with numbed feelings and read it through twice before its meaning penetrated to her brain.

"Dear Friend,—I have not written to you before because I have had nothing to tell you. I've failed; day after day I've failed to find any trace of him. I've searched this awful city of London high and low without even obtaining a clue. And now I am weary, worn out, heart-broken.

"I see, by the papers, that suspicion has not fallen on him, and I hope, in time, when the dreadful affair is forgotten, he will return home! But I doubt, oh, I doubt! If Reggie still lives I fear he has gone far, far away, and may never return.

"I shall continue my search a little longer—and then I hardly know what I shall do. I could not return to Castle Cowan, even if you asked me. If I am to live I must work, so I shall look for work of some description, that which will help me forget most easily, or rather that which will keep me too busy to think.

"I shall never forget!

"I have been living alone, but when my money became exhausted I had to seek the shelter of my aunt's roof in West Kensington. Her name is Mrs. Laughton, she was my late father's step-sister, and she knows nothing save that he was murdered and therefore I am left alone in the world.

"I shall not write again unless I hear news of our dear one—I may say 'our,' may I not?—and I shall not give you my address as I know you would write and beg me to return, and that I really cannot do.

"I must be alone, I must work, I must do something to deaden the heart and brain-ache; something to live for, since the one person I lived for is dead—dead to me I fear for ever.

"Good-bye, Miss Violet, God bless and comfort you.—Your friend, "May Cory."

Violet Dreighton wept silently, ceaselessly. She had not known May Cory really well, but she had always liked her, always desired a closer acquaintanceship than their positions allowed, for she recognised that the keeper's daughter was as refined and possibly as well educated as herself, and must therefore have often found her father's society uncongenial and her life without beauty or pleasure.

And so a certain friendship, unexpressed and unspoken, had sprung up between the two girls, only waiting the opportunity to take fire and burn brightly in the heart of each.

Now that was gone! It seemed as if Fate had struck a blow depriving Violet of everything she possessed save life, and that had become a burden, a fearful thing holding a black future full of nameless fears.

She had lost her brother, her lover, her friend; the ghastly skeleton of crime danced between her father and herself pressing them apart with its bony fingers of secrecy!

And in three weeks, in less than three weeks, she would be united to a man she did not love, to a man she feared, to a man, this moment, she felt she hated!

And Violet knew that on November the seventh she would set out towards an unknown ocean—she would launch a dainty white craft on the seas of matrimony, which maidens dream are always warm and blue and clear, but for her there would be no guiding star.

It was long past mid-day before she ventured downstairs, and directly she saw her father she knew he had learnt the news. He took her hands in his, and held them tightly a long time, gazing into her face with dim eyes.

"I have seen Mr. Templeton," was all he said.

"For Reggie's sake!" she murmured under her breath.

He kissed her hands, her face.

"God help you dear, my brave girl."

In the afternoon they walked arm-in-arm through the garden, but not a word was spoken. Father and daughter both longed to tell each other their thoughts and fears, but their tongues were tied; each heart ached and cried aloud for sympathy, but strong iron bands divided them.

Perhaps they were afraid of the unseen third person who walked beside them, who would never leave them!

After a while Sir Hubert left his daughter and returned to the house, whilst she paced up and down the rose-garden alone; it suited her mood to be with the fading blossoms of summer, the air was filled with the scent of fallen petals, dying rose leaves.

She tried to bring her mind to bear on the duties that lay before her, the things she must do, the people she must see, and the clothes she must buy to be in readiness for the seventh! But she recoiled with disgust from thoughts that once would have been a joy and were now a mockery.

And as she wandered to and fro, desolate and oppressed, herself the fairest flower, soon to be plucked by a ruthless hand, Lord Arthur Gorham walking slowly up the drive, saw, and came towards her.

She did not hear his footsteps until he stood by her side, then looking up, her white face grew scarlet, and she trembled violently.

"You will think it rude of me to intrude," he said quietly, striving to disguise the agitation in his voice; "but I could not rest until I had seen you to-day—I could not rest until I knew that you had recovered from your—your indisposition of yesterday."

He paused, but Violet did not reply.

"You are well again?" he continued gently.

"Yes, quite well."

"Violet," he whispered huskily, "if you had only trusted me I might have helped you, saved you from great trouble. It's not too late, for I won't believe what I heard yesterday; let me help you now! I am yours to do as you will; all I have is yours—make use of me I pray you, if only as your servant; let me help you, it is not too late, Violet."

"It is too late, Arthur!"

Her heart spoke, his Christian name fell from her lips like a prayer; she spoke it for the last time.

"Then it's true! You love Fred Templeton!"

"That is not true," she cried. "I do not love him!"

All her body seemed on fire now; she hid her face for shame.

"He said yesterday that you were about to become his wife!"

He spoke jerkily, and Violet could hear his quick, heavy breathing as he waited for her answer.

"That is true, on November the seventh!"

Lord Arthur gave a sharp, short gasp, threw back his head, and clenched his fists. But he did not speak. Silence surrounded them as they stood quite still, not daring to look at one another, not daring to touch one another. And each afraid to go!

"Since you do not love him, why are you marrying him?" he asked at length. "Will you tell me that?"

"I can tell you nothing—you must ask me nothing!"

"We love," Gorham cried brokenly, "and this is the end! We part, you to go to a loveless marriage with a secret locked in your heart, and I to go far away, alone with memory! Surely you can tell me why you are marrying him, who or what forces you to commit self-murder. I, who love you beyond everyone and everything in life, I, who am your true lover, your friend, your servant, surely I have a right to ask that?"

"Yes, I think you have the right to ask, but I have not the right to answer. No, dear love, there is only one way you can show your love, only one way you can serve me. You must leave me, go far away, and never write or see, or think of me again. If I told you my secret it might make us still more miserable—I tremble to think what might happen."

Her voice sank so low that he could hardly hear it; it was like the breeze weeping in the poplar trees.

"So, good-bye!"

"No, no, for God's sake, Violet——"

She raised her hand.

"Hush, dear! God wills it so, and He knows best. I want to tell you once again, even though it be unmaidenly and wrong, that I love you, and only you. I shall never, never love any other man; my heart and my soul are yours, see, I give them to you now." Gorham felt a trembling, hot hand clasp his. "Whatever else he buys or steals, he can never take those from you, my beloved. I told him I did not love him, so I don't think I am being disloyal. Good-bye, beloved!"

Through a mist of tears that would not be choked back, Lord Arthur saw a little face looking up at his; he bent down until their lips met.

"Love conquers all things, love is greater than anything else in the world," he cried, holding her tightly. "I can't give you up, I won't give you up! Nothing matters but love, Violet. You are mine, only and always mine!"

He was weak now, as men are sometimes. But she was strong, strong because she loved, as is the way with women.

"Yours only and always," she repeated, letting her lips linger an instant on his, and then slowly drawing away. "And nothing matters save love—but love and duty are brothers who go hand in hand, and since we love, it is our duty to part. Fate wills it so. Good-bye!"

Place your order early for Tuesday's SHORT STORIES—it contains a fascinating new competition.

She stood alone now, alone among the roses. A thrush, perched on a fir-tree standing sentinel against a red evening sky, broke suddenly into song.

Gorham looked up, and a smile parted his lips.

"You are right! We must do our duty. I will go away—far away, and I will never try to find you, but you shall know where I am in case you want a friend's help."

"God bless you, dearest! Good-bye!"

Bracing himself up as a fighter does when he prepares for the final struggle, he turned his back and walked steadily and swiftly away.

Away through the garden, away down the drive, into the lanes to his own home. His eyes staring steadily in front of him, his mouth tightly shut and his fists closed.

Directly he reached his house he rang for his servant.

"I am going abroad to-morrow; pack everything I am likely to want. I shall be away a long time, some years, perhaps. I shall leave you in charge of the house, I shall send you my address from time to time, which you are to keep absolutely private. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"I am going to my room. I don't wish to be disturbed until to-morrow."

Locking the door he threw himself on his bed. He killed his own agony of heart and mind in thinking of Violet; and he prayed earnestly for light to show him some way of saving her from the horror of a loveless marriage.

"Gladly I will give her up if only he does not possess her; I love her enough to leave her, if only I know I left her in peace and happiness."

But no answer was vouchsafed to his prayer. And the night came.

When it was quite dark, and the house seemed wrapped in slumber, Gorham rose and stole quietly downstairs, out into the garden. It was a moonless night, here and there a star quivered between the white clouds.

His footsteps guided him back the way he came a few hours ago, back to Castle Cowan, back to the rose garden!

The thrush no longer sang in the fir tree, all was silent. Noiselessly he walked along until, between the bushes he could see the windows of the house outlined. All were in darkness, all save one!

A faint light shone from the one he instinctively knew was hers. The blind was up, and the curtains only partially drawn, they shook and quivered as the breeze struck them.

Her window was open!

Trembling, Gotham drew nearer, keeping beneath the shadow of the trees; nearer and nearer until he was underneath the casement, until his hands touched the tendrils of ivy that climbed lovingly round the old house, lovingly upwards to where she slept!

A shadow fell across the lawn, a little quivering shadow, and, raising his eyes, he saw Violet leaning against the window, her forehead resting on her arm, her eyes gazing across to the rose garden.

He looked longingly at her, whilst his heart beat wildly, and the blood throbbed in his veins. But he did not stir; if she saw him she might be frightened.

And he had promised to go away.

The minutes fled, but neither stirred; each thinking of the other; one seeing, one unseen.

The distant church clock tolled the hour—mid-night, and, as the last stroke died away, Violet moved, sighed, turned to leave the window. Unconscious of what he was doing, Gorham stretched out his arms as if to detain her.

She saw the sudden movement, and starting, peered down into the garden.

The eyes of love are very keen, and she saw it was her lover keeping vigil beneath her room.

The ghost of a smile flitted across her face, and she put her fingers to her lips and gave the wind her kisses to carry to him.

"Forgive me, Violet," he whispered. "To-night I had to watch beside you; to-morrow I go.

"Perhaps if—if I know you are watching, I shall sleep," she whispered back. "Good night!"

"Good night!"

Slowly, lingeringly, she withdrew, but Gorham did not move.

All through the night he watched and waited, all through the night a pale light quivered from the window, love's beacon. And not until the east grew pale, and then flushed red did the watcher stir, and, with a whispered prayer for her he loved and left, trudged wearily back to his own house.

Four hours later he started for Castle Cowan railway station, walking across the fields, letting the carriage take his luggage.

He had not quite decided on his destination; Paris or Rome? At first somewhere with people and life and light; somewhere where he could not think, could not remember, could not dream—too much!

As he crossed the stile that led from the fields to the village street, he saw a man approaching him, the one person of all others he would have avoided—Fred Templeton!

As they came face to face they stopped and looked silently into one another's eyes for some seconds.

An insolent smile parted Templeton's thin lips; Gorham's mouth was tightly closed, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Well, Lord Arthur Gorham," said the former coolly, "I trust you have found out your mistake, and that you are ready to apologise!"

Gorham threw back his head proudly; every muscle in his body tightened, became iron. The man, the human animal in him hungered for revenge, cried aloud for action.

"Thrash the cur—whip the hound!" whispered Nature.

"Remember Violet and your duty," answered Conscience.

For an instant he hesitated, then replied coldly—

"Yes, I apologise for saying that you lied the other day."

"Thanks!" sneered Templeton.

"And, besides giving you an apology, Mr. Templeton, I have to give you a warning! Miss Dreighton may become your wife in a few days!"

"She will become my wife on November the seventh!"

"Though she is your wife, she will still be my friend, and, that being the case, it will be my duty to watch over her interests, her health, her happiness. If any ill befall her or hers through you, then you, yourself, will answer to me for that ill, to the extreme; even though it be with your life!"

Templeton's face darkened, but he still smiled as he replied—

"Friendship is a pretty phantasy, but marriage is a delightful reality. When Miss Dreighton becomes my wife she becomes my property! Good-day, Lord Arthur Gorham!"

"Remember what I have said. You shall answer to me for her life and the lives of those she loves with your life. An eye for an eye!"

"I am not afraid!"

"Not now, perhaps, but one day you will fear, one day, when it is too late. Fate is a creditor whose receipts are signed with her debtors' blood, and Fate is already dogging your footsteps, for you already owe her much!"

Turning, he walked swiftly in the direction of the station, leaving Templeton with a frown on his face, grown a trifle paler than usual.

"Fate," he muttered, looking away from the retreating figure towards Castle Cowan. "Fate is only chance, and I am stronger than either. Once he is out of my path, and Violet's brother discovered, I shall rule my own destiny. I shall command my own fate. And he shall suffer for his insolence, suffer the torture of seeing her suffer and not dare to raise a hand to help the woman he loves!"

He laughed aloud as he resumed his walk.

"The woman he loves, but whom I possess!"

NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Found and Lost!

The wheels of the law move slowly, and Fred Templeton had to impatiently wait until within a few days of his marriage before the deeds and settlements were ready. There had been numerous hitches and delays before the lawyers could agree to the exact meaning of several ancient wills, obscurely worded, apparently on purpose.

For the object of law is obscurity, its business to tightly tie a blinding handkerchief over the eyes of justice.

Occasionally Templeton felt in sympathy with law!

But he was extremely annoyed, more than annoyed, when Messrs. Pike and Graball informed him that no power on the—legal—earth could give, bequeath or even sell to him the whole of Sir Hubert Dreighton's estate.

"Half of it will practically become yours on the day of your marriage, my dear sir," drawled Mr. Pike, peering up at Templeton with greedy, fish-like eyes. "Two or three signatures on this parchment and it is done, but the other half belongs to Reggie Dreighton and his heirs in perpetuity, and even he himself cannot give it to you, and," giggled the man of law, "I don't suppose he'd want to do that if he could."

"If he dies without marrying, leaving no heirs behind him?"

"Then Miss Violet Dreighton takes the whole estate, real and personal!"

"That is to say, by the wording of this settlement, I, as her husband practically becomes possessed of everything!"

"You would do so if you outlived Reginal Dreighton," corrected Mr. Pike with a cough, "and if he died leaving no issue."

Templeton sighed, then beaming on his lawyer, dismissed him.

"I'm sorry," he said to himself, "but I'm afraid unless Margaret can send the boy to a speedy and natural end I shall have to own to having married the sister of a murderer!"

He forthwith called on Margaret; she was dressed to go out in a heavy travelling coat, black hat, and thick veil, and as Templeton strolled into the room she started and changed colour.

It was rare for Margaret to show surprise or give any outward signs of her inward feelings, and Templeton noticed that his arrival had affected her in an unusual way.

"Humph! Didn't expect me, eh?"

Margaret called herself a fool for being off her guard.

But she quickly recovered her composure, slipped the mask of life over her face, and as she crossed to the open door, said loudly:

"No, Mr. Fred Templeton, I didn't expect you, but I was just thinking of you!" She shut the door with a bang and dropped into a chair.

"See my dress, see my veil, can't you guess what I'm up to?"

"No—some foolery?"

"Yes; your foolery. I was just going man-hunting, or rather boy-hunting. I think I've found him for you!"

She spoke rapidly and her voice was a trifle unsteady.

Templeton laughed delightedly. "Well done; really you're a wonder, Margaret. I was almost losing faith in you; in fact I came to tell you that unless you got hold of Reggie Dreighton and fairly started him rolling down hill at express speed within the next week I'd have to have him found at any cost, and——"

"And what?"

"Well, unless you get rid of him for me I shall have to get rid of him myself, and in a less pleasant and artistic but more speedy manner."

"You mean he'll be hanged," said Margaret coolly.

"How the dickens do you know——"

"My dear Freddy, when you play a big game with a woman it's best to tell her everything, she's sure to find out for herself if you don't, and then she may become nasty. Isn't it lucky I'm such a perfect partner?

"The boy told me himself, of course. I met him the other night; saw him hanging about Leicester Square! Talked to him, sympathised with him, played with him like a lightly-hooked salmon—oh, it was easy enough. And now I'm just off to meet him!"

"Where?"

Margaret couldn't restrain a delicious, slightly hysterical laugh.

She was conscious that she was playing the big game so well—Fred Templeton's big game! And a moment ago he'd nearly trumped her best card, he'd nearly seen her hand.

But she was safe now.

"Shall I tell you," she said slowly, "will you interfere and spoil my fun? I'm enjoying it awfully. It's a new sensation making love to a murderer, who didn't mean to be a murderer!"

"Hush, not so loud!"

"No one will hear; he's quite good-looking. I'm rather in love with him, in fact!"

"Where do you meet him!"

"At Clancery's restaurant; it's quiet there and one meets few people. He is lunching with me, I'm going to give him champagne; I'm going to look at him with these big, soft, innocent eyes, and whisper to him with these red, rose-leaf lips that I will be a sister to him!"

Again she burst into a peal of merry laughter.

"You must be quick, that's all!" said Templeton. "Don't waste time, don't play with him too long. Send him to—to eternity quickly, or I must have him arrested and hanged."

Margaret shrugged her shoulders.

"Do as you like; at present I'm enjoying myself, and when I'm tired, which will be soon, I promise you he'll go the pace fast enough. He doesn't look strong; but, Freddy, I couldn't have you on my visiting list if it became known that you'd married the sister of a murderer! I couldn't really!"

"Don't be a fool!"

"I won't, so avoid making one of yourself! Now then, I'm off to Clancery's; he'll be getting impatient if I keep him waiting, and perhaps run away again."

"All right," said Templeton, rising. "I won't keep you, but remember, you've only a week or so left. I must meet him soon, and if I don't see signs of his early demise then I must take steps to—you know!"

"Right you are! Good-bye."

"*Au revoir.*"

Margaret saw him into the lift and then watched from the windows until he had disappeared out of sight down Cromwell Road.

With a hysterical little laugh she ran into the hall.

"Reggie! Reggie, come quickly, he has gone!"

Reggie Dreighton came from out the dining-room.

Margaret caught him by the arm and dragged him into the boudoir.

"It was a near thing. I never expected him, and I nearly gave you away!"

"I'd half a mind to enter the room and face it all," he said wearily. "Why should I run away; it's cowardly—and hopeless."

"It's not cowardly, it's not hopeless!" replied Margaret between her teeth. "You're going to obey me, for your sister's sake, your lover's sake, your own sake!"

"What a wonderful woman you are!" he whispered, gazing into her eyes. "You rule me as if I were a child."

"So you are, boy. My child, until I save you. Then you'll go home to those you love."

He shook his head.

"I shall never go home, and I don't think I have any love for anyone left in my heart; only sorrow and pity for all the misery I have brought them."

"I understand what you mean, I know what you feel. I felt just so once. Life was a beautiful dream that suddenly turned into a horrible nightmare. And I said I should never awake from that, the dream would never return."

"And it hasn't?"

"I'm not sure; last night I began to think," she whispered softly, looking into space, "I began to believe—good gracious, we shall miss the train! It's three o'clock already!"

Her voice and manner changed suddenly; she called to Félise to take the luggage to the carriage, and hustled Reggie into his great coat.

"Tell me what you began to believe," he asked.

"Oh, that life is really very beautiful," she said with attempted lightness; "that nothing is purposeless, nothing wasted; that the meanest of God's creatures is unconsciously doing His work, helping in His scheme which will one day turn vice into virtue. That Fate ordained that you and I should meet, perhaps when we were in our cradles, and that though we part now, our meeting may have forged a link in the chain that helps the weary and weak across the chasm of life and death."

"If I hadn't met you I should be sleeping now down under the waters!" whispered the boy.

"Hush!" said Margaret. "Hush!"

Margaret drew the thick veil over her face.

"I shall dance so differently to-night," she said under her breath. "For as I dance I shall think of you, and who knows, perhaps my dancing may have a new and better meaning to those who watch.

"But we're talking nonsense whilst Félise is getting impatient and the horse catching cold. Come along quickly."

The brougham bowled them swiftly to Victoria station. Margaret was the first to jump out; leaving Reggie in the carriage she walked up and down the platform carefully scanning the passengers; then she found the first class compartment that had been reserved for her, and saw the luggage put in. At the booking office she took a return ticket to Dover and a single to Paris.

A tall, fair girl was standing by the office watching all who passed to and from the station; she looked at Margaret and Margaret looked at her, a kind of psychic recognition passed between them.

"Perhaps she is newly married," thought the girl, turning away wearily. "Perhaps she is going to Paris with her lover!"

She watched her out of the station. "What's the use of my waiting here every day? I shall never see him, and if I did, what good would that do?"

With a sigh she turned to go as Margaret and Reggie Dreighton entered together. It was not the woman she stared at now but the man. With white face and trembling lips she started forward as they walked quickly past her, and tried to speak his name.

But he did not see her, and her voice died away; she swayed to and fro, followed a few steps, and then stood still, like one in a dream, and watched them enter the reserved carriage. The blinds were drawn down, the door locked.

The guard waved his flag, the train whistled, moved slowly forward out of the station.

But May Cory stood like a stone statue; her eyes fixed on the one carriage, her heart beating a funeral dirge in time to the hissing of the panting engine.

Slowly the train wound its snake-like way out of the station, slowly it disappeared from sight.

"To Paris—lovers going to Paris."

She stretched out her arms in farewell. "He is safe, quite safe now. They will never find him," she murmured to her heart. "Thank God for that!"

All the back numbers containing the pictures in the £5 a Week for Life contest may be obtained through your newsvendor.

Unsteadily she walked from the station, up Victoria Street, along the river Embankment towards the City. Seeing nothing, hearing nothing, oblivious of all things, save that the man she loved and sought had been found and saved by another; and that she was left in the world alone and forgotten.

TWENTIETH CHAPTER.
Margaret Squares the Account.

WHEN Fred Templeton left Margaret's flat he drove straight to Clancery's Restaurant.

In his mind there was just the slightest suspicion that Margaret was not playing the game the way he desired; her manner was peculiar, it struck him as quite possible that she had taken a fancy to Reggie Dreighton, and therefore instead of dispatching him with all haste, she might amuse herself for a considerable period with the novelty of a new toy. Women were so peculiar, so beastly obstinate.

If Reggie Dreighton had been a boy whom he wanted to save, she would immediately have ruined him; but just because he had asked her to ruin him, very likely she would take it into her head to keep him safe and sound, tied to her petticoats for an indefinite period.

"I'll find out how the wind blows myself," he said; "and if it's in a westerly direction, well, there'll have to be a storm."

He dismissed his cab at the corner of the street and walked to the restaurant. On the opposite side of the road was a large public house, the windows of the private bar overlooking the entrance to Clancery's.

Templeton entered, ordered a whisky and soda which he drank, and a cigar which he threw away, and then ensconced himself in a comfortable seat where he could see everyone who passed down the street, everyone who entered the restaurant.

Being long after the luncheon hour few people arrived; if the boy had promised to meet Margaret he ought surely to be waiting for her; and she, it was time she arrived.

Templeton glanced at his watch; already he'd waited half an hour!

He swore under his breath and ordered another drink, and kept his eyes glued to the doors opposite. But four o'clock struck, and yet there were no signs of either the boy or the woman.

"She has deceived one of us," he muttered, rising and passing into the street. "If Reggie Dreighton is waiting for her, he's waiting inside. If he is not there, then—Margaret will have to explain!"

He entered the restaurant and glanced casually through the rooms; they were all empty, save for a few sleepy waiters.

"I was looking for a lady and gentleman who should have met me," he explained.

Calling a cab he drove back to Cromwell Mansions in a towering rage.

He had been fooled; he had wasted two hours of his valuable time, and, worst thought of all, Margaret knew his game but he didn't know hers!

What an ass he had been to trust her.

"Confound the sex!" he muttered; "they're even less reliable than racehorses!"

He rang the flat bell violently, and dashing past Félise, burst into the dining-room—empty! The boudoir—empty!

"Where is your mistress? Is she out? When will she return?"

Félise smiled sweetly.

"Monsieur asks so many questions so very quickly that I cannot understand."

"Where is your mistress? Is she at home or is she out?" cried Templeton, stamping with rage and vexation.

Félise jumped, pretending to be frightened, but continued to smile.

She shrugged her shoulders, and raised her eyebrows, and pointed with her hands to the empty rooms.

"Monsieur surely must see that madame cannot be 'at home,' since she is out!"

"Idiot," hissed Templeton under his breath. Aloud, "Then when will she return?"

Félise did not know.

"Where has she gone?"

Still Félise professed ignorance.

"Well, surely you know whether she will be home to dinner to-night, or whether she won't return until after the theatre?"

"We never know what madame will do," replied the maid, with a twinkle in her eye, "any more than madame knows herself. But she is never at home to anyone after the theatre, not even to monsieur!"

"Oh!" Templeton gnawed his moustache in silence for a few moments.

"Wouldn't monsieur like to leave a message?"

"No, monsieur would not! Monsieur would instead deliver his own message to madame at the Alhambra Theatre in three hours' time. I suppose I *shall* find her there," he growled.

"It is quite possible," smiled Félise amiably.

Templeton tried to regain his equanimity over a quiet, well-cooked little dinner at Ketner's, but it was with feelings of doubt and irritation that he asked for Margaret De Févre at the stage door of the Alhambra about eight o'clock, hardly expecting to find her there so early.

"I think she arrived ten minutes ago," said the doorkeeper.

"Tell her I must see her on important business."

After waiting an interminable time, Margaret's dresser appeared, and told Templeton that her mistress could spare him just two minutes.

He followed the woman up about fifty stone stairs to a small dressing-room.

Margaret was sitting in a low basket chair, lost in a mass of soft, yellow cushions, her feet reclined on the fender, and a bright fire burnt in the grate. A cigarette rested between her lips, a book lay on her lap; her hair was loose, and fell in heavy curls across her shoulders.

A big treble silver mirror stood on the dressing-table, which was curiously littered with silver feminine toys, paints and powders.

A great jar of white arum lilies occupied the other corner of the table, and on the walls were photos and sketches.

"Quaint sort of place, isn't it?" said Margaret cheerfully, as Templeton entered, and then halted, not knowing quite what to do or where to go. There was so little room to move and no chair to sit on. And for a second the fascinating picture Margaret made took him off his mental balance.

"Never been here before, have you?" she continued. "If I wasn't a very privileged person you wouldn't be here now. As a rule visitors are absolutely barred."

She puffed a cloud of smoke in his face, enjoying his embarrassment.

"I'm afraid I can't offer you a seat, the only other chair—a cane-bottomed one—has just been borrowed by Mona Twirltoram, the human snake. But the rug on the floor is fairly comfortable, and I shall like to feel you're at my feet!"

Templeton began to wax indignant; he didn't quite know what to say, her mood puzzled him.

"Phew! You're horribly hot here," he muttered, standing stiffly against the dressing-table.

"It's a very cold night, and a fire looks cheerful. *Do* sit down!"

Templeton ignored the invitation and the hearth-rug.

"Hope you enjoyed your lunch with the boy!" he said eventually.

"Awfully."

"They do you well at Clancery's?"

Margaret yawned and peered at Templeton under her lashes.

"Generally," she replied when she had quite finished a very long yawn. "But I didn't lunch there to-day, we altered our minds and tried a new place. Have you come to ask me to sup at Clancery's to-night?"

"No, I have not," replied Templeton savagely. "I came to know why you—to ask you——"

"Well?"

"You're not playing the game properly," he blurted out. "You're fooling me, but I'm not so easily fooled as you seem to think!"

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently, with a tinge of boredom in her voice.

"I haven't time to waste over words. You agreed to try to find Reggie Dreighton for me, and to get him out of the way as quickly as possible!"

"And I've kept my promise, I've found the boy and I've got him out of the way."

"What do you mean? Where is he?"

Margaret threw her cigarette into the fire, and watched it disappear in a red flame, a delightful smile on her lips.

"I really don't quite know where he is at the present moment, Freddy! Let me see," she glanced at a little clock on the table. "He could hardly have reached Scotland yet, though he might have got across to Boulogne! Of course, he may alter his mind, and spend a few days in Ireland—salmon fishing isn't quite over, is it? I said good-bye to him just after you left the flat this afternoon. Why, what's the matter?"

Fred Templeton's face had grown white, his eyes blazed. He strode to Margaret's side and stood over her, trembling with rage, his fists clenched as if to strike her. But she did not flinch or stir; she just continued to smile, and, raising the hem of her gown, contemplated a pair of pretty ankles with approval.

"You idiot, you traitress!" hissed Templeton under his breath. "I might have known you couldn't be trusted, I might have known you'd deceive me, and—and ruin yourself. For you have ruined yourself, do you hear?"

Words failed him. He gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. But Margaret shrugged her shoulders.

"Restrain your temper, or they'll turn you out of the theatre," she said quietly. "You said you wanted the boy out of the way, he is out of the way; so far away that you'll never find him. What more do you want—*his death!*"

She raised herself slightly, and looked Templeton full in the face, whilst her voice and manner changed. "If you meant to bribe me to save the law trouble, you did a dangerous thing; the law objects to being saved trouble; it does its own ugly work itself, differing from you in that respect. And, as to my not playing the game, perhaps you'll tell me why Merry Market didn't beat The Prince?"

She sank back among the yellow cushions again. "I'm afraid I must ask you to go now, it's time I put on my dress!"

"Tell me where he is, or I'll——"

Margaret rose from the chair, and stared proudly and defiantly at Templeton.

"You'll what? Don't ever threaten a woman, least of all this woman. Neither you nor I are saints, neither you nor I have a spotless record, have we? But I didn't get a fair start in life, the man who held my reins was a knave, and, in the race I was entered for I met competitors of your sort, whose motto is, get the course the quickest way, no matter whom you upset, or where you go; but now I'm just beginning to see ahead. I'm finding out the difference between running with a thoroughbred and the other thing! I've discovered the straight mile and the winning post at the other end, and, though I shall never complete the course now, without being disqualified, I'm going to help those who want to run straight—to run straight! Do you see? So good day, Mr. Fred Templeton. I think our accounts are square!"

She touched a bell, and the dresser entered the room.

"Please show this gentleman downstairs."

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

ON MONDAY, MARCH 23rd,

THE

Daily Express

will publish the Opening Chapters of a powerful New Serial Story, entitled

"SEALED LIPS."

Ask your Newsagent to send you a copy Daily.

MEN DENIED SHEEP'S PRIVILEGES.

Some Laws that Might be Altered.

As most people are aware, every dog is entitled to a free first bite out of man, woman, or child, as his tastes may incline him. In other words, the dog's master is not at law liable in damages to the person bitten, unless it can be proved that the animal has previously demonstrated his mischievous propensities by biting someone else.

But few people know that for every bite—first or otherwise—of a cow or a sheep, the dog's owner can be made to pay. That is so, however; the law expressly says so. So that, in the eyes of the law, a sheep is of more account than a human being.

Your servant girl would laugh at you, if you threatened to call in the police because she had disobeyed you by giving cream instead of milk to the cat. A poor farm lad, however, who was so proud of one of his master's horses that he gave the animal oats when ordered to give it hay recently went to gaol for a month because he could not pay a fine of £5 and costs. And it is by no means certain that the disobedient servant girl could not also be similarly dealt with; for the statute imposing the penalty refers to "any horse or other animal."

The most cruel thing about the law relating to "sleeping out," is that the complete offence is defined as "sleeping out without visible means of subsistence." The question, of course, at once arises: What are "visible means of subsistence"?

Some large-hearted magistrates regard even a halfpenny as "visible means." Others, however, are not so lenient; and, in one recent case, where two unfortunate tramps were charged with sleeping under a hedge, one got off because he had "visible means" in the shape of 9d., while the other was sent to gaol because he had only 1½d. in his possession; which amount was held by the Bench to be insufficient to constitute "visible means." Here, indeed, is a very clear case of "one law for the rich, and another for the poor."

It is a very proper law which says that guardians of the poor may compel a man's children to contribute to his support, should he apply to the authorities for relief. Yet some very hard cases arise under this rule. Not long ago, for instance, a highly respectable working-man, with a family of young children, was ordered to contribute to the maintenance of a father whom he did not remember to have seen—a worthless fellow who had deserted wife and family more than a quarter of a century before, and who was thought to have been long since dead. In a case like that, one would think the law might show some little indulgence.

That men can no longer be sent to prison for debt, is a pleasant fiction which will not always bear the light of day. The theory is that a debtor cannot be imprisoned, but the practice is that he can. County Court judges send men to prison for debt almost daily. The debtors say they are sent because they can't pay; the judges say they go because they can pay and won't. "Contempt of court"—not "imprisonment for debt"—their Honours call it. In the County Court returns for 1900, recently published, 4,692 men and women are shown to have been thus committed to prison.

Some creditors, however, have a lot to put up with; and often enough, probably, the judges are pretty shrewd in their estimate of a debtor's resources. Among other nuisances, tradesmen who "want their money in" have now to contend with, is that of being threatened with proceedings for encroaching on the preserves of the recognised solicitor.

"Pretending to be a solicitor" is an offence punishable by a heavy fine; and, from recent decisions, it would appear that the tradesman who duns his laggard customers, on the printed forms sold for the purpose in the stationers' shops, is liable to be held guilty of committing it. "Looks too much like a 'lawyer's letter,'" say the Incorporated Law Society. This seems a bit rough on the tradesman; but the remedy obviously is for him to pen his threats across his own paper.

A cheap way of earning money not known to everyone, is to watch the newspapers for an advertisement offering a reward for the return of property stolen or lost, and implying that "no questions will be asked." All you have then to do is to find out who the advertiser is, and sue him for endeavouring to "compound a felony." There can be no doubt as to your winning the case; the law says £50 is forfeited to anyone who may choose to sue for it; and more than one £50 has been earned recently in this way.

Not only that, but you may get another £50 out of the printer of the newspaper, and a further £50 out of the publisher. That is, if you can obtain the written assent of the Attorney-General to your suing the two last-named individuals as well, which the Attorney-General is by no means likely to give you.

MRS. FLATTE: "Norah, will you try to have the steak a little more underdone after this?"

The Cook (bristling up): "Is it findin' fault wid me cookin' yez are?"

Mrs. Flatte: "Oh, no, no! John and I merely thought you might object to remaining over the fire so long."

An entirely new sort of competition starts in Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

FINAL INSTALMENT.

BLACK FORTUNE

CREATEST ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.*

SIXTY-SECOND CHAPTER.

Anne Makes a False Move.

Anne's advent caused a little excitement in the household. Miss Birkett troubled about her, and mounted the stairs to make personal inquiries.

It was while she was speaking to Anne that the maid came running upstairs bearing a note. It was addressed to Mrs. Heron.

"A man has just brought this, ma'am," she said, "it's from the hotel. One of your brooches was found, and they have sent it after you."

Anne thanked the girl, and took the note, but the moment her eyes fell on the writing her indifference vanished. It was like a grip of a strong hand, like the sound of a well-known voice! This was no letter from the hotel, this was a message from outside, it was *Bergen's* writing! Paul Bergen whom she imagined far away.

She put the letter down with seeming carelessness, and the instant that she was alone, Anne tore the letter open. A key was contained within it, but it was no key that she had ever seen before.

"I send you the key of the old house near Finchley," Bergen wrote. "I have watched you. I know all that has passed, and once again I offer you a chance of escape. If you can manage to get away some time after dark, make your way up there. I will join you if possible to-night, if not, to-morrow. After that we can work together. Only give me your trust, Anne, and I will save you from all the shame and disgrace, I swear it!"

Anne was like a creature released. Trembling in every limb she read, and re-read this letter. She slipped the key into the bag which she had guarded jealously all the day, that bag in which were stored away the jewels and the money she had managed to get together.

How she would do it she hardly knew, but that she would take this chance was very sure!

* * * * *

Mr. Birkett was very late in returning home that evening, and when he arrived he took his sister apart for a moment.

"I have something to tell you," he said. "Warrants are out for the arrest of Philip Heron, Dr. Cariston, and poor Marchmont's last secretary, a man called Bergen. Now you know why I brought Mrs. Heron here. What is it?" inquired Mr. Birkett sharply, for a look had come into his sister's face that startled him.

"Mrs. Heron is not here," was the answer. "This afternoon a letter was brought from the hotel inclosing a brooch that had been picked up in the rooms which Mrs. Heron had occupied. She declared that it was not hers, and expressed a wish to take it back to the hotel herself. I did not know that I was doing wrong, and of course I agreed. I waited for her return and waited a long time, and then a note was brought out to me."

Miss Birkett held it out to her brother, who took it quietly. It contained just a few pencilled words announcing that Anne was detained and would return later.

The fact that Anne had tricked him roused Birkett to a degree of anger such as he had never felt before.

"Mrs. Heron is a very clever woman," he said, "but this time she has made a great mistake! Now," said Mr. Birkett sternly, "I shall do my best to help to find her, and if she hopes for mercy from me when she is found she will soon learn how much pity I have for one so treacherous, so unworthy as she!"

SIXTY-THIRD CHAPTER.

The Silver Lining Shows Itself.

Katherine turned eagerly to all the duties in her little house.

In this peaceful little place Katherine felt as if healing fingers had been laid upon the gaping wound in her heart.

Then later came Toodie's bedtime, and, as a great treat because his mother was so much better, the important business of the bath was fixed to take place in Mrs. Lysle's room.

The bath was over with much splashing and laughter, and Toodie arrayed in his little night garb was sitting on his mother's bed, when there came the sound of a bell at the door downstairs. Bessie hastened to answer the summons.

A gentleman was standing just within the porch, someone whom Bessie had never seen before.

"Miss Lysle lives here?" this gentleman asked. He paused. "Are you called Bessie?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I am Bessie. Is there something I can do, sir?" asked Bessie a little curiously.

Dr. Lowe's answer surprised her. He put out his hand. "Come outside," he said. "I have something to say to your mistress that is so wonderful, so strange, I am half afraid to say it."

"If it's a new sorrow, oh, keep it away from her!" said Bessie with a tremble in her voice. She's had more'n her share already."

"It is not sorrow," answered Dr. Lowe, "it is joy. But, Bessie, we must be careful. I have come from the inn in the village down yonder. I travelled here—not alone. There is a sick man waiting at that little inn, Bessie. He is not fit to have come so far, but doctor as I am, how could I preach patience and caution to such a one? At the risk of bringing on a bad illness I let him persuade me to carry him down here. I hardly know how we have done the journey, but we *have* done it, and now—now I have come to tell the woman he loves that he has been given back to her!"

"Oh, sir!" said Bessie. "You're not pretending, sir, you're not come with some cruel blow. You see it's hard to believe—I know the man she loved is dead. So he *can't* be waiting for her!"

"John Marchmont is not dead," answered Dr. Lowe very quietly, "it was only this morning that I knew this. The story is too long to give to you now; what I want you to do, Bessie, is to help me."

Bessie passed her hand over her brow.

"What shall we do! How shall we break it to her?" she began, then she gave a great start, for Katherine's figure had advanced into the doorway.

"Bessie!" she called, and then she peered into the gloom outside, and as she saw Bessie and a man standing so quietly just beyond her, her heart gave a great leap. "Bessie!" she called again, this time nervously, feebly.

Dr. Lowe moved forward and met her, and as she saw him clearly Katherine gave a low cry.

She put out her hand, and she tried to speak, but Dr. Lowe closed both his hands over hers.

"I have come to see you, Miss Lysle, at a strange time, and my errand is a strange one. Can you bear to speak to me about Mr. Marchmont? Can you bear to hear me tell you something about him?"

Katherine's hand lay in his cold and still.

"Tell me all," she whispered.

"Give me your other hand," said Dr. Lowe. "I am going to test your strength, Miss Lysle," he paused, then he said very quietly, "John Marchmont is not dead!"

Katherine uttered a kind of cry.

"Say it again," she whispered, and swiftly, but with deepest emotion, the man who had brought John Marchmont back to the little village, said again those wondrous words.

There was no hysteria, no wild abandonment. The ordeal through which Katherine had gone these many months past, had given her endurance passing description, had equipped her with a strength of heart and mind which was little short of amazing.

It was only when he told her that John was so near that the calmness went a little.

It was Bessie's eager trembling hands that wrapped a cloak about her, and put a hat upon her head.

* * * * *

At the door of the little inn Dr. Lowe put his hand on Katherine's arm.

"You will find him greatly changed," he said. "Even I, who knew him so little, am shocked by the look he wears. He has been very ill, and he may be so again. You will be brave, I know that, still you will need all your strength, for he is weaker than a child."

She only smiled up into Dr. Lowe's face by way of answer to his speech. But when they stood on the very threshold of the room, when she realised the amazing thing that had happened, that within the next moment she would actually be in John's presence, she faltered slightly, and leant against the door with closed eyes. The next instant she had rallied herself and her forces, and turned the handle and entered.

The room was warm and cosy. It was well lit, and a large screen had been drawn across the room; it stood, the last barrier between her love and herself. As a voice sounded from behind this screen Katherine trembled from head to foot, for it was that voice which in her dreams had haunted her so mockingly of late, that voice which on earth she had never expected to hear again.

"You have come back—" John said in that feeble voice. "Is she in the cottage? Have you seen her? Oh! you must be careful, she must have suffered so terribly, and joy can sometimes—hurt—"

Katherine lost her marvellous self-control.

"No, no," she said in a choked, wild way, "joy can never kill—Joy is life—"

She staggered round the screen, and fell on her knees beside the couch.

She wrapped her arms about him, she laid her lips on his; they met hers for an instant, and then seemed to grow cold under her touch, and as Dr. Lowe entered hurriedly he bent over her and lifted her to her feet, then he stooped and brushed the hair from John's brow.

Then he looked into Katherine's face with a reassuring smile.

"Only a faint," he said, "please bring me that water and those salts, and you might sit there, Miss Lysle, and move this fan to and fro. The room is rather hot. What my patient wants is plenty of fresh air, all the sun he can get, and the best nursing in the world. Three things which, thank God, it will not be difficult to give him!"

SIXTY-FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Struggle for Life.

It was terribly lonely in that old, shabby house.

It was by a miracle that she had managed to escape from Mr. Birkett's grip, still Anne was not safe yet.

When would Bergen come? What plans would he have made?

Thinking, planning, fearing, hoping, waiting, Anne passed into a very fever.

Her throat was parched.

Though it terrified her to move in the shadows of this old house, she must try to find some water.

She guessed that the house must still be used by her father at odd moments, possibly there might be food in it.

Bergen must have been sure that this was a safe haven for the moment, or he would not have sent her to it.

She left the sitting-room, and felt her way down the passage till she reached that room where her father used to work out his scientific experiments.

There was a tiny glimmer of gas left burning in this room, and as she turned up the light she caught sight of a bottle and glass. Never had water been more welcome! She filled the glass, drained it, and then put it down with a great start.

For suddenly there was a noise at the front door. Someone had put in a key, and was turning the lock.

And in another moment Mark Cariston stood before her.

But was it Mark Cariston? This broken-down creature, with a large green shade across his eyes, and signs of the acutest suffering written in his face. Even his clothes seemed to belong to another. He had the air of some poor, trapped animal, who had turned vainly to find a corner in which to lie down and die.

Like a creature spell-bound Anne retreated softly to a corner, and watched her father.

His hands were bandaged, and there was a curious, blistered look on his face.

Already strung up to meet some great nervous strain, Anne was appalled by the condition of her father.

Some nameless horror tied her tongue, and made her stand so still, lest even the sound of her breathing should break the silence.

As Cariston shambled forward, feeling his way with his maimed hands, Anne took a step forward involuntarily.

She must reach the door, she must escape, she must get out, and wait for Bergen in the garden.

But as her skirt rustled, as he caught the sound of her step, as he realised that there was another person in the room, Mark Cariston suddenly stood erect.

He plucked the green shade away from his eyes, and he peered forward.

Then, before she realised what he was doing, he had turned, and, with incredible swiftness, had closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

"So we meet again, my daughter," he said, and there was something of his old blandness, his old strength in his voice. "So! for all your traitor's work, you have to creep back, and hide in my kennel, you traitress," said Mark Cariston advancing slowly, surely towards her; "at this moment the world is ringing with the truth about John Marchmont. This is your work. Don't deny it," the man added with a snarl. "I crawled back here—God knows how—for I have faced death itself very nearly, and, as I came along, I heard the news-boys shouting the latest great event. The story of the great conspiracy!—The truth about John Marchmont. The truth told by Philip Heron's wife! And to-morrow, or maybe this very night they will come here through you—they will drag me to rot in prison. Well!" said Mark Cariston suddenly, and with an awful oath, "let them come, and let them take me, but it shall be for more than the wrong done to John Marchmont that they take me, it shall be my life for your life, Anne!"——

Like one distraught Anne beat her hands out against him, babbling incoherent words.

Step by step she retreated from him as he advanced in stealthy, relentless fashion, and, as she saw his right hand grip something that gleamed like a knife, a scream, strangled hoarsely by a fear that was paralysing, tried to come from her lips.

All hope of life went from her then!

Yet the instinct of self-preservation clung. Round and round the room, how many times she could not have told, sometimes sinking on her knees and crawling, sometimes swinging herself from beneath the very touch of that glittering blade, Anne fought for her life.

And then all at once the strain broke! Throwing out her arms the woman stood still, and laughed wildly, hideously. It was the laugh of a maniac! Mark Cariston paused an instant, and at that very moment there came the sound of many voices outside, the murmur as of a great crowd, and then there came a wild knocking at the outer door.

It was the moment of finish, and now that it had come Mark Cariston did not flinch. Steadily and surely he slipped his right hand into his breast pocket, seeking and finding that last resource which had not left him night or day these many years.

And when the door was beaten down, Mark Cariston was found sitting in the chair at the table, as he had sat many a time in the past, with his head bowed on his breast and his hands hanging nervelessly beside him.

He was quite dead. And in one of the corners, laughing and singing, and clapping her hands like a child at play, was a beautiful woman, who looked at those who came with large, vacant eyes, and let them lead her away even as they would have led a child.

SIXTY-FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Finish.

It would be many a day before the little village of Patrixhurst would recover from the excitement of the drama which was played to a finish in its midst.

Before the news leaked out, before the identity of the invalid stranger who had been brought to the little inn had been even whispered, the neighbourhood was struck aghast by the news that Mr. Philip Heron had been arrested at Patrixcrest Court—and that ill as he was, he was reported to have been taken to the nearest town, and lodged there under police supervision.

As early as a train would carry him Anthony Walsingham was at Patrixhurst village the next morning.

He had not closed his eyes all night. he hardly knew how he would approach Katherine, for now all the world was talking of the strange mystery of John Marchmont, and all the world knew, too, that he had been shut up in Dr. Dugdale's establishment. And in London every person was talking about the fire, and each one was wondering if there could have been a possibility for John Marchmont to have escaped.

When he reached the country he went to the cottage first, and he paused before pushing open the gate, but Bessie saw him, and ran wildly up the path to greet him.

"Oh, Mr. Tony, Mr. Tony!" she said, "such news! Oh, it doesn's seem as if we were the same people as we were yesterday."

And in her heart-broken fashion she told him what was passing, and how John Marchmont was lodged at the village inn; she told him, too, that Marchmont and Katherine had met. "She came back after an hour or two last night, and if you'll believe me, Mr. Tony," said Bessie, "it seemed to me as if she had grown into a little girl again. See, there she is walking under the trees! Can't you see from here how wonderfully changed and happy she looks?"

Anthony Walsingham patted Bessie on the shoulder. Words would not come, but as he turned and went into the old garden where he had so often watched and deplored Katherine's desolation in the past there was a smile on his lips, and tears in his eyes.

Katherine gave a little cry of joy as she saw him.

"Oh, Tony, Tony!" she said, "I only wanted you. Dear friend—truest, best friend. Have they told you? Do you know? Oh, Tony," her voice broke a little. "He is so changed. It does not seem to me as if he would ever smile again."

(Concluded on page 677.)

* *Copyright in U.S.A. by the Author.* *Dramatic rights reserved.*

All the back numbers containing the pictures in the £5 a Week for Life contest may be obtained through your newsvendor.

"Have I Kidney Trouble?"

PAINS IN THE BACK AND LOINS ARE SIGNS OF KIDNEY TROUBLE.

HOW TO TELL.

Is your back affected by every cold, causing chilliness and a disturbance of the action of the kidneys? Does the use of beer, spirits and tea excite the kidneys? Are you irritable and nervous, easily annoyed at trifles? Do the limbs swell? Are you quickly tired? Have you rheumatism, stiffness of the muscles or joints? Is there gravel? Do you sleep badly?

The above symptoms show a weak or diseased condition of the kidneys, and if neglected, more serious and dangerous complications will surely follow. At the first sign of any ailment, treat the kidneys with the great Quaker Kidney Medicine—Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They heal and regulate the kidneys' action, and so help the kidneys in their great work of filtering the blood. They act only on the kidneys and bladder.

Healthy kidneys filter out rheumatism, gravel, uric acid, and all the impurities that cause disease—and Doan's Pills help weak kidneys to do this. That is why they are so successful in curing disease.

The one who speaks here tells how he was cured months ago, and has remained well ever since. That is *good* proof.

A FREE SAMPLE will be sent for this coupon and 1d. stamp for postage. Address: Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W. This offer is confined to our readers in the United Kingdom. *PEARSON'S WEEKLY.*

You may obtain the same genuine Doan's Backache Kidney Pills of chemists and stores at two shillings and ninepence per box, or six boxes for thirteen shillings and ninepence, or direct, post free, from the Proprietors, FOSTER-McCLELLAN CO., 8 Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE PERMANENTLY CURED.

53A LATIMER STREET, LIVERPOOL,
August 12, 1901.

I have been a sufferer from kidney complaint for four years, and the disease finally reached a most serious stage. One of my doctors told me it was chronic rheumatism, while another—and a very good doctor he was—said it was developing into Bright's disease.

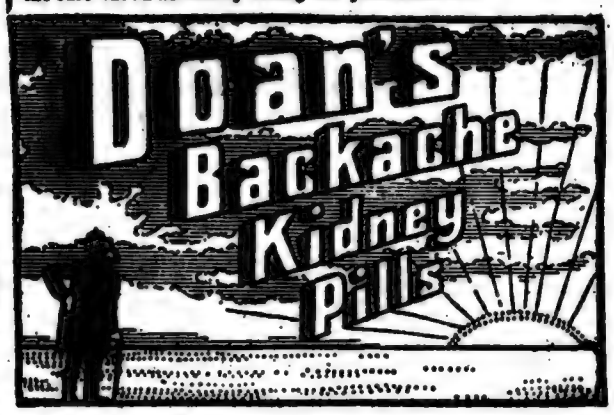
The whole trouble was brought on by a strain, caused by heavy lifting. The first effect was a slight pain in the back. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time, but at length the pain changed to sharp, stab-like pains; then gradually the urinary system became affected; the secretions were very dark, and painful in passing. This alarmed me and showed me that my kidneys were diseased.

There are stone steps leading up to my house, and many a time I have had to pull myself up them by means of the iron railings. To stoop was very painful, and almost impossible. I finally got on my back, where I lay for several weeks. I am sorry to say that my doctors did not do me much good, but you will be glad to hear that it was your medicine which eventually restored me to health. It was simply astonishing the way Doan's Backache Kidney Pills acted on my system. The first effect was an improvement in the kidney secretions, and less pains in the back. I used the medicine persistently, and I believe now I am thoroughly cured.

Yours sincerely, WM. MOLDEN.

March 21, 1902.

Seven Months After.—We heard from Mr. Molden seven months after his cure reported above, and he told us that he had not had the slightest return of the old trouble during that time, and he believed the cure was an absolutely lasting and permanent one.



is a two-fold pleasure to drink. It is a delightfully palatable, nourishing beverage at a distinctly moderate outlay—half-a-teaspoonful does for a whole cup.

Remember this next time you're at the Grocer's.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

"IN PENNY PACKETS."

"Ah! that's what I like!"

In cold weather hot soup is specially welcome.

A penny packet of EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP makes a plate of delicious, nourishing, and strengthening meat and vegetable soup in a few minutes.

Sold by all Grocers and Corachandlers.

Allen Foster & Co.

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.
47 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

BUY DIRECT, AT FIRST COST, FROM THE LEADING FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

Write for New Sketch Book and Catalogue of Bargains, containing Hundreds of Illustrations of Latest Novelties in Costumes and Jackets post free. Call or write.

DESIGN No. 433. **10/6**

Design No. 433. 10/6.
Costume made in Allen Foster & Co.'s world-renowned Specialite Serge or Venetian Cloth. All colours and sizes kept in stock. The Bodice has pouched front, and is stylishly trimmed, strappings of Taffeta silk, and small buttons. Well-made Skirt, bell-shape, fastens at side pocket, and trimmed with silk and buttons to match Bodice. Price only 10/6; carriage 6d. Best Value in London. Good fit guaranteed.

10/6 **10/6**

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY.

Design No. 780. 10/6.
A Splendid Line in Ladies' Costume Skirts. Excellent in design and style, and unrivalled for value. Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s New Zibeline Cloth, also in their Specialite Serge or Venetian Cloth—all colours and sizes in stock (patterns post free). The Skirt is lined throughout, and is tastefully trimmed round with rows of cording, and is also trimmed downwards with piping of black satin. A Skirt any lady can wear. Price only 10/6; carriage paid 5d. extra. Send for One.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

DESIGN No. 780. **10/6**

Design No. 780. 10/6.
New Chesterfield Coat for Spring.
This Jacket is produced in Black and Grey Coating; also in their pretty Grey Tweeds, and Black and Dark Grey Vicuna Coating. Length 30ins. Price only 10/6; carriage 6d. extra. This Jacket can also be ordered 33in. long, 11/6; 36ins., 12/6; 39ins., 13/6; and 42ins., 14/6—carriage 6d. extra. Patterns of Cloth sent post free.

4/11 **4/11**

No. 1,019. 4/11.
Costume Skirt in good wearing Black and Navy Serge, trimmed two flounces and braid. Lined throughout with linenette. Price only 4/11; carriage 3d. In ordering give length of skirt in front and size of waist.

Post orders receive prompt attention.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers, 47 GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

THEY CAN BE YOURS!

GOLDEN SAVINGS

WRITE US TO-DAY

BY RETURN OF POST YOU WILL RECEIVE FREE

H. SAMUEL'S BIG FREE BUYER'S GUIDE

One glance at its pages will convince you of the VALUE of DIRECT DEALING. Your interest will be aroused; your attention rivetted, and like thousands of other shrewd buyers, you will never be without this valuable work when making a purchase.

YOU ARE PUT IN DIRECT TOUCH WITH THE FACTORY. YOU PAY NO MIDDLE PROFITS, GET HIGHEST VALUE ONLY, and **SAVE ONE HALF.**

200 PAGES, 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS GENT'S SILVER WATCHES, 8/6; LADY'S LONG GOLD GUARDS, WONDERFUL VALUE, 30/-; HALL-MARKED GOLD AND REAL GEM BETROTHAL RINGS, 5/6; "LUCKY" 22 CARAT GOLD WEDDING RINGS, 7/6; ELECTRO SILVER BREAKFAST CRUETS, 2/6; STRONG NICKEL ALARM CLOCKS, 1/6; &c., &c.

EVERY PURCHASER SHARES IN OUR GREAT FREE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION. ASK FOR YOURS WHEN ORDERING! WRITE NOW!

H. SAMUEL, DEPT. D, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

EPPS'S

Is far and away the most nutritious beverage you can take for breakfast and supper. The natural flavour preserved. An admirable food for children.

COCOA

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

NEAVE'S FOOD

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

"An excellent food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., *Professor of Chemistry, R.C.S.I.; Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, City and County Analyst.*

DR. BARNARDO says: "We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

Globe Polish wouldn't scratch if it could—can't. Takes the dirt off metal, doesn't take the metal off. Where the dirt *was*, a mirror *is*.

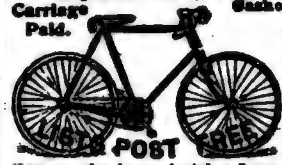
Sold Everywhere.
Raimes & Co. Ltd.,
Tredegar Road, Bow,
London, E., and
Stockton-on-Tees.

ONE PENNY. **HOME NOTES** ONE PENNY.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

FREE WHEELS, Bowden Brakes, New Departure Hubs, Lamp, Bell, etc.

Carriage Paid.



Cash or 12 Monthly Payments of ... June Motor Cycle, £32 or ... month. Cycle and Motor accessories at lower prices than any other house; Acetylene Lamp, 2/11; Cycle Stand, 1/6; Motor Horn, 3/6. Write for New Season List, over 100 pages, sent post free.—METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS Co. Ltd. (P. W. Dept.), 75 Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C., or Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

Rupture Cured.

Suffered Forty Years, and Nigh to Death.

Remarkable Experiences of a Citizen of Llansamlet, Glamorganshire.

MR. G. THOMAS.

One of the best known engineers in Glamorganshire is rejoicing in the fact that, after suffering forty years with a dangerous rupture, was finally cured by the system invented and perfected by Dr. W. S. Rice, of London. Mr. Thomas is never so happy as when relating the story of his cure. For the greater part of his life he suffered intense pain, his rupture being of such a nature that he was unable to find any truss that would keep the rupture in place until he learned of the Dr. Rice method. The testimony of Mr. Thomas is fully borne out by a letter received from his employer (one of the most influential mine owners in Wales), who states that he acts like an entirely different man, and that he can now perform his work easily, whereas before using this wonderful treatment he could hardly walk. The cure has attracted the attention of hundreds of people throughout the country. Dr. Rice has recently prepared a book, giving a full description of his method. It is a home cure at a very small cost, and the best of all it cures without pain, danger, operation, detention from work, or inconvenience of any kind. Readers should send for this book and post it to anyone they know to be ruptured. Such an act of kindness will be worth a great deal to those who suffer from rupture. Write at once to Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 610), 8 and 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

PYNKA The Polisher. Does not Scratch.

GIVES PERFECT LUSTRE TO ALL METALS TAKING A POLISH.

In Tins and Tablets, 1d. and 2d. from all Grocers, etc.

Write for free Sample to the Sole Agents: RICHARD B. GREEN & Co. Ltd., 17 Philpot Lane, London, E.C.

1903 CYCLES. LADY'S & GENT'S Dunlop licensed Tyres, Free Wheels, Rim Brakes, Plated Rims.

£12 SAMPLE £6.6 CARRIAGE PAID to any Railway Station for cash, £6/6/-; or send 40/- with order, & balance, 86/-, on its arrival. EASY PAYMENTS 10/- with order, balance payable 4/-, 6/-, 8/-, 10/-, or 20/- monthly until £6/6/- has been paid, and 5/- extra cost booking. Agents wanted.—Address 10 Dept., Dereham Road Cycle Co., Norwich.

TEST BOXES FREE TO ALL.

Any sufferer sending name and address to JOHN A. SMITH, 1005, Montague House, Stonecutter St., London, E.C., will be sent a Test Box of his marvellous Cure, GLORIA TONIC, for all Uric Acid Ailments, including Gout, Sciatica, and RHEUMATISM.

FREE TO YOU

To advertise S.L.S. Records, we are giving away our no ... Phonographs for a limited time. Write, giving full address and nearest railway station; enclose stamp. Symonds' London Stores, 123, City Road, London.

Do you not envy the woman with a "pearl-like" skin? Then use "Peralia" regularly. It soothes, refreshes, clears, and beautifies, making the skin smooth and healthy. Preserves a fine complexion and restores a faded one. Makes the hands and arms like velvet. Endorsed by society and professional women all over the world. Gentlemen find it extremely pleasant after shaving; relieves irritation; cools the skin. Use it for Spots, Blackheads, Freckles, Tan, Redness, and especially for Red Nose.

Doctor's certificate guaranteeing its purity, and testimonials sent with each bottle.

In Bottles, 1/- 1/6 2/6 Postage 3d. extra.

Ten Days Free Trial is allowed on every cycle we sell. The full price and carriage charges returned if not satisfactory in any way. 1903 Models, fully warranted, **£3.10 to £8.10** New Departure Coaster Brakes, Front Rim Brake and high grade genuine British made fittings and accessories. **200** Good Second-hand Cycles from £1.10 to £2... **Don't Fail** to get our big illustrated catalogue before deciding on your ... machine. We save you money. **Rider Agents Wanted** in every district to buy sample cycle at special price and take orders for us. Large profits easily made in spare time. Address Dept. ... **MEAD CYCLE CO.** Liverpool.

ARE YOU LITTLE? Or Flat Footed? If so, try our Elevators which will increase your height from 1 to 4 inches without detection. Comfortable to wear. Prices from 3/6 Lady's; 4/6 Gent's, per pair. Send stamp for further particulars. Peralia Co. (Dept. No. 12), 73 Camden Street, North Shields.

NOSE If your nose is large or badly shaped in any way, use our Nose Machine, price 10/-. Cheek Plumpers for thin or sunken cheeks, 10/- pair. Ear Instruments for standing-out ears, 10/- each. Send stamp for further particulars. Peralia Co. (Dept. No. 12), 73 Camden St., North Shields.

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days, and what is more, the hair will keep in curl. It does not change the colour or destroy the hair, but makes it soft and silky, and will curl or frizz more natural curls. No tongs needed. Not sticky or greasy like other curling fluids, which only keep the hair in curl. After the hair has become curly it is not necessary to continue using Crimpoline. Give Crimpoline a trial—the result will astonish you. Use it for Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hair. 1/6 and 2/6 per Bottle. Postage 3d. Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser to get above preparations for you; if they are out of stock, we will send it direct to you securely packed. Have no other or you will be disappointed.

Under Royal Patronage. Used by Madame Patti, Vesta Tilley, Minnie Palmer, etc.

Peralia Perfumery Co. (Dept. No. 11), 73 & 73 Camden St., North Shields.

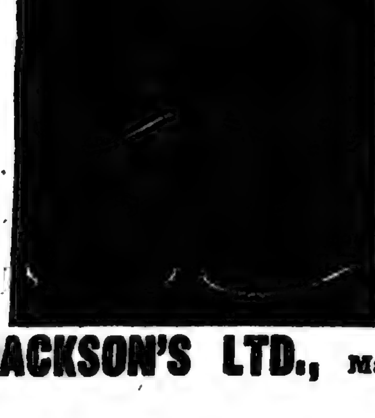
EMIGRATE TO CANADA.

Free Land Grants.

Write or call for Free Books. Buy your Tickets, Ship and Rail, from PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN PACIFIC RY., 67 King William Street, E.C., or 30 Cockspur Street, S.W.

JACKSONS' SMART HATS

All One Price, 3/9 BY POST, 4/-.



A Really Smart Hat is a Jackson Hat, and the wear and style of every hat can be relied upon. Not only in appearance, durability, lightness, and fine quality, is a Jackson Hat superior to those sold at ordinary hat shops, but its price is considerably lower.

Just quote number of shape, size, and colour, and the smartest hat obtainable is sent by return for 4/-, carriage paid.

BRANCHES IN ALL IMPORTANT TOWNS.

JACKSON'S LTD., Hat Manufacturers, **LEEDS.**

BLACK FORTUNE. (Continued from page 674.)

"Nonsense!" said Anthony Walsingham lightly, "smile—indeed he will! For is he not about to have all that life can give him? Will you take me to see him, Kitty? I want to be one of the first to grip him by the hand."

The sun was shining, and there was almost a touch of the lost summer in the air as they walked down to the inn later, and when they were shown up into the sitting-room they found John waiting for them, not stretched on a couch, but standing with all traces of fatigue and disorder and suffering removed from his appearance.

Naturally he looked thin and white, and there was a general touch of weakness about him, but as Anthony Walsingham looked on his face, his heart leapt. This man was indeed worthy to be loved by Katherine! They clasped hands as though they had been friends all their lives.

* * * * *

John and Katherine were married very quietly one morning in the little old church at Patrixhurst, and when Christmas time came they were at the other side of the world basking in sunshine, learning each hour new sweetness in the union of their hearts and sympathies.

Letters reached them every week, and Lady Helena was the most expansive correspondent.

It was evident to Katherine that her brother's child had brought a hitherto denied happiness to her aunt, and she rejoiced to realise that Irene Lysle was growing stronger, surrounded by the love and care that she needed so much. Then after awhile they set their faces homewards, and for about a month after their return a shadow both cold and heavy lay upon their hearts. It would have been impossible for two such natures not to have felt this shadow, remembering as they did, and cherishing the recollection of Andrew Heron so tenderly.

The trial was a ten days' excitement; all the interest in the case was revived again; the story of the beautiful woman shut up as a criminal lunatic in Broadmoor, the story of Mark Cariston's misplaced genius, his marvellous capacity, and courage, and lastly his self-sought death, thrilled the people once again.

John Marchmont was the hero of the hour.

As he stood in the crowded court, and related in a quiet, subdued way the story of the drama in which he had played so important a part, those who listened marvelled that he should wear so young and handsome a look, and few knew how much it cost John Marchmont to stand up and denounce the nephew of the man who had enriched him so greatly. But there were a few who knew how he struggled to try to stand between Philip Heron and his just punishment.

By his instructions his own counsel pleaded a little for Heron, but sentiment could not stand against the proofs of Philip's duplicity. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Paul Bergen's sentence was imprisonment for life, and if more definite proof could have been forthcoming as to his share in the accident which cost poor Herbert Thorne's life, he would have been sentenced to death.

Ralph Chesney stood in the dock also. Katherine did all in her power to prevent this, but there were facts which went against the man. It was proved that he had been an accomplice (though in detailing what had happened to him John Marchmont had kept his lips sealed where his step-brother was concerned), and it was the money which Bergen had given to him, that money which he had given to Anne, that brought home justice to him.

His sentence was a light one, however, and most of it would be passed in the prison infirmary.

Katherine wept tears with Miriam. She did all that a woman could do to show another sympathy, and tenderness, but she could not wipe away from the woman's heart the stain that Ralph's wrong had put there.

Gipsy as she was, Miriam had her own code of honour, and Ralph had sinned against that honour. Nevertheless, the love of such a woman has roots so deep that even sin could not wither it.

When the trial was over, and John could leave London, Katherine and he went to Heath Place.

One afternoon she and John walked across the common (passing the spot where the old caravan had stood, and where Katherine had found the pencil-case) to that little cottage which now they knew to have been inhabited by Edward Lysle. Katherine's hand clung nervously to her husband's as they paced slowly on.

"To think!" she said in a low voice, "that you were there. That I was actually within touch of you, John—that—"

John pressed her hand close to his heart. Even now that all was over, and they were together, the separation was too painful a remembrance.

"I think we are wise, dearest," she said as they walked hand in hand round the rooms of the little house, "not to let Irene know of the existence of this place. I do not suppose that we shall now ever know the truth of Edward's death, but somehow I feel, I hardly can tell you why, that I would rather she did not know that this place exists."

"Just what Walsingham was saying to me this morning," said John. "We must take steps to shut it up. Kitty, do you know what I imagine?"

Katherine looked up at him and smiled.

"I believe I do, and oh! John, it makes me so happy! You don't know what Tony was to me! I believe I should have died if I had not had him, and he cared for me so much. I fretted about him. I wanted him to be happy."

John kissed his wife's hand softly.

"Well, I believe you are going to have your wish, my dearest. At first it was only sympathy, but now it seems to me as if a deeper feeling had grown up in the man's heart for Irene. It would be an ideal marriage."

They spoke on eagerly, tenderly, discussing this possibility, talking of others, of Mrs. Thorne (who had a gleam of gold again in life in their happiness), of Bessie, of poor Miriam, and then they drifted to speak of their own lives, not of their own intimate domestic life, but of that work which was to fill their every thought; the task of using the wealth which once again had passed into John's hands, as Andrew Heron had wished it should be used.

"John," said Katherine, "once I hated this fortune, but now I see that money *can* be a blessing; that it can mean the best of all happiness, the happiness of doing good to others!"

THE END.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES PAGE.

For Orangeade. Slice three sweet oranges and one lemon into a jug with two ounces of sugar candy. Pour over this one quart of boiling water. Stir at intervals till cold. (*Reply to* GOLLINGS.)

Potato Rolls. When mashed potato is left from the table add a beaten egg to it, season with pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley. Mix nicely, form into little balls, and bake for three-quarters of an hour on a buttered tin. These make a cheap and tasty breakfast relish.

To Clean a Bath Quickly and Not Spoil the Paint. Rub with a flannel, soaked in paraffin, until clean, then rinse with a little warm soapy water, and rub dry. The smell of paraffin will go off in a short time, and leave a nice polish on the bath. (*Reply to* EMERY.)

To Destroy Earwigs on roses, dahlias, etc., place small inverted flower-pots on stakes, or wind a piece of cotton-wool dipped in oil round the stalks at ten inches from the earth, which will prevent the pests from climbing up the plants. The small flower-pots should be inspected twice a day and the contents shaken into a bucket of water. (*Reply to* SIS.)

Try Glycerine for Indigestion. Mix a small teaspoonful of pure glycerine in half a wineglassful of water, and take it with or immediately after each meal, until the enemy is routed, which in any ordinary case will be in two or three days' time, or in a very obstinate case a fortnight. The same treatment will have to be resumed if the attack returns. (*Reply to* PAVEMENT.)

This Lacquer Recipe will, I hope, suit your purpose. Take two quarts of rectified spirits of wine and three pounds of seed lac, picked particularly clean and clear of all black specks. Upon the cleanness depends the brightness of the lacquer. Add the two together, place in a bottle, keep warm, and shake often till dissolved. Apply to the clean brass with a camel's hair brush. (*Reply to* JAGGER.)

Lemon Curd for Tarts. First of all take two lemons and about six ounces of loaf sugar, and rub the sugar on the outside of the lemon, until you have removed all the yellow rind. Next put the sugar into a basin and squeeze the juice of the lemons over it. Then take four ounces of butter, oil it by making it hot and pour over the sugar and lemon. Then work all thoroughly with a spoon till dissolved. Beat up four eggs with the mixture. Lastly, add as much cold boiled potato as will make the whole mixture into a sort of pulp. This will make very rich cheese cakes. (*Reply to* A. CLARK.)

A Special Spring Double Number.

"HOME NOTES" for this week is the Special Spring Double Number, and with it is given away the paper pattern of a Simple Evening Blouse, a sketch of which is given in the margin. It contains the following features: Six full-page illustrations of newest Spring fashions; a beautiful design of Italian appliqué suitable for the corners of table covers, tea-cloths, a sachet-blotter, and many other articles, with directions for working, and illustrations of stitches, etc.; "Science and Health," dealing with various aspects of drinking water; "Open Letters" on the question "Is a Man Wise who Marries a Popular Girl?"; illustrations by Hilda Cowham; three complete stories, new and interesting competitions, etc., etc. The price is twopence per copy, and as there is sure to be a great demand for it, you should order your copies as early as possible.

Shortbread. Take one pound of fine dry flour, six ounces of caster sugar, and half a pound of butter. Knead all thoroughly together. Roll out and cut into shapes. Place on a buttered tin and bake slowly. (*Reply to* PRATT.)

To Ebonise Wood. Dissolve two ounces of shellac with one ounce of borax in a quart of water; boil until a perfect solution is obtained, then add two teaspoonfuls of glycerine; after solution add sufficient aniline black, soluble in water, to colour, and the mixture is ready for use. (*Reply to* BISSON.)

To Destroy Slugs. I should scatter both lime and salt on the ground, round the infested plants. Also take some cabbage leaves and place them in an oven to get soft. Then rub them over with fresh dripping and lay them where the slugs reign. The leaves will soon be found to be covered with slugs which can then be destroyed. (*Reply to* TOTTENHAM.)

College Puddings. Mix together half a pound of flour, four ounces each of suet, moist sugar, and currants, two ounces of bread-crumbs, the grated rind of a lemon, two beaten eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Steam for an hour in small moulds. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce. *N.B.*—If you do not use pastry flour, add a teaspoonful of baking-powder to the above. (*Reply to* STONE.)

A Rabbit Pie will give satisfaction if made as follows: Cut a rabbit into neat pieces, roll them in flour, lay each in a pie-dish with slices of bacon. Season with chopped onion, grated nutmeg, pepper and salt; add a layer of sliced potatoes, and half a pint of stock or water. Cover with a nice pastry, and bake. When the crust is baked, place the pie-dish on the stove for an hour to let the meat cook slowly. (*Reply to* BULIVER.)

This Method of Cleaning Carpets will, I hope, prove successful in your case. Rub on this solution with a flannel: Two gallons of water, in which half a pound of soft soap is dissolved, and four ounces of liquid ammonia. Afterwards rub the carpet perfectly dry with clean cloths. I should have the carpet up and well beaten first, and then hang it on a line so as to air and dry the under side. Do not wet the carpet much with this solution. (*Reply to* FRAMPTON.)

When Making a Baked Custard, use scalded milk if possible and very little, if any, sugar. Have one egg for each pint of milk. Bake in a slow oven and watch constantly. Directly the custard is a little firm to the touch take it out of the oven. If not browned sufficiently on the top, hold a red-hot shovel or salamander over it. If the custard is to be turned out of the dish, grease it with butter before pouring in the egg and milk. Directly a custard boils in the oven it turns to whey and is spoilt. (*Reply to* WEAVER.)

To Loosen Glass Stoppers. There are several ways of doing this, but, on the whole, I have found the following the most successful: Pour round the mouth of the bottle a little salad oil, and in an hour or two, if you cannot move the stopper, stand the whole bottle in warm water. Take it out and gently tap the stopper on either side against glass, when it will be easily removed. To avoid the same thing happening again, twist the stopper as it fits into the mouth of the bottle. (*Reply to* CISSIE and M. T.)

To Renovate Venetian Blinds. First I advise your sponging the blinds thoroughly with soap and water to get off the dirt. If they are new, and have not been painted before, apply two very thin coats of lead coloured paint, and let it get quite hard before applying the green. Colour and shades of colour are of course quite a matter of taste, but the preparation I make for green blinds is as follows: Grind some white lead in spirits of turpentine and add one third of its quantity of verdigris, which has previously been ground in oil; to this mixture add enough common oak varnish to bind the colours. Two, or even three coats should be applied; it will dry very quickly, so the whole may be completed in a few hours. (*Reply to* AUGUST.)

Pork Pies. Take a little over one pound and a half of flour, half a pound of lard, and three-quarters of a pint of water. Boil the lard and water together, pour while boiling on the flour, having previously made a hole in it. Mix gradually, and let it stand by the fire. Salt should of course be added. Take some pork with a little fat, cut it into small square pieces, season them with cayenne, black pepper and salt, a little mace and some finely shredded sage. Mould the pastry as for ordinary raised pies of the size you wish, fill them closely with the seasoned pork and decorate with paste ornaments. Bake the pies in a slow oven for about two hours, and when cooked add through a hole at the top a little gravy made from the trimmings of pork. (*Reply to* PARNELL.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1903.		1903. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.
Good Friday	*April 10.*	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28
Easter Monday	*April 13.*	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23	2 9 16 23 30	2 9 16 23 30	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29
Whitsun Monday	*June 1.*	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	3 10 17 24 31	3 10 17 24	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30
Bank Holiday	*August 3.*	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	4 11 18 25	4 11 18 25	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24
Christmas Day	*December 25.*	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	5 12 19 26	5 12 19 26	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25
Boxing Day	*December 26.*	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	6 13 20 27	6 13 20 27	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26
		3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	7 14 21 28	7 14 21 28	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27

ANOTHER WEEK OVER.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

As stated last week, we have now paid an insurance claim of £100 as the result of a fatal accident to Mr. John Moore at Chester General Railway Station. Below will be found a copy of the receipt:

RECEIVED *this 9th day of March, 1903, from the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd., the sum of one hundred pounds in full satisfaction and liquidation of all claims upon the said Corporation under* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *Insurance Coupon, in respect of the death of the late John Moore, and I agree to produce the Letters of Administration when granted if required by you so to do.*

WITNESSES *to William Ackerley's mark:* SIGNED: *The Mark of* X

J. EUSTACE JONES, *Solicitor, Chester.* WILLIAM ACKERLEY, *the intended administrator of the estate of the late* JOHN MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE.

J. DALY RICHARDSON.

THE CAPTAIN is going to a fancy dress ball as "Captain Kettle," but cannot get a wooden leg. How can he, he asks, reconcile his "get-up" to the character while he has two whole legs?——— Well, after all, the redoubtable captain went through most of his adventures with Nature's full allowance of legs, and endeared himself to the public in his complete state, so I don't think you need remind the other dancers of his sad misfortune. Besides, he became Sir Owen Kettle at the end, so to be correct you would have to dress in the uniform of that most distinguished order, which would not be the familiar captain who figured so long in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

THERE are twenty-five penknives waiting for the twenty-five readers who send in on the back of a postcard a sentence of not more than ten words containing the largest number of vowels. Address your postcard to the VOWEL EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. All attempts must reach me not later than by first post Tuesday, March 31st.

"COULD a human body be absolutely annihilated?" asks D. C.———If D. C. is a murderer, he makes a mistake in asking me to aid him in his foul designs. I have absolutely no experience in annihilating human bodies. A few of the poetic kind are all that can ever be laid to my charge, and nobody would call them human. If D. C. is thinking of annihilating any poet, then I do not hesitate to recommend molten lead, which leaves absolutely nothing of a body which it consumes. All the poet's molecules would be absorbed in the liquid, which, when solidified for manufacture into ploughshares or flat-irons, would contain some of the constituents of a poet. The thought of a poet being converted into a flat-iron is rather pleasing to think of.

R. E. writes to object to the way we teach history. "Would it not be better," he says, "instead of learning from dull history books, to study Shakespeare's plays, which give one a far better idea of the early British monarchs than the former?"——— ———A beautiful idea. But our dear old friend the Bard was not altogether accurate in his history. He was, in fact, largely a fibber. The death of Richard II., for instance, is a historical mystery. He is never known to have been murdered. The famous story of Henry V. striking the judge, so beautifully told by Shakespeare, has no foundation in fact. Richard III., too, was not a hunchback at all, but a well set up, striking man. Many other instances might be given of Shakespeare's inaccuracy, but after all it would be criminal to spoil so many good stories as he has told us by a hankering after mere facts.

"COULD an amateur ever become as great an actor as, say, Irving or Tree?" asks PLAYER. "Surely it is not necessary to make money from a profession to shine in it, as, for instance, writing and painting, where the amateurs are often the best."——— In one sense of the word, a great actor must be an amateur—that is, he must love his art apart from all sense of profit. But without the experience of a professional, he could never attain the greatest place. Irving, for instance, became the great actor he is after an experience of every kind of part, from low comedy upwards. A man must go through the experience of a professional in order to get a complete command of gesture, deportment, make-up, and a score of other things, and very few amateurs could acquire this. The best amateurs often drift on to the stage as professionals. There is one advantage that amateurs have over professionals in acting—they have few of those mannerisms so easily picked up by the "pro." which give a false air to every part he plays. The amateur is often quite natural and unaffected, though his gestures are ever so crude. I would rather see a bad amateur in a part than a bad professional.

ALL those readers of *Pearson's Weekly* who are entering for the £5 a Week for Life Competition should get a copy of SHORT STORIES containing the particulars of an entirely new form of competition. It is not a picture puzzle competition, and yet you have to discover the names of railway stations. For this purpose the "Index to Bradshaw's Guide" is available, and, of course, all £5 a Week for Life competitors will be experts at discovering the names of railway stations. SHORT STORIES is published every Tuesday, and costs a penny. The competition starts in next Tuesday's number.

"I NOTICED a name on a signboard the other day," writes T. T., of Brierley Hill, "which formed a complete sentence. The name was 'Isabella Pea,' and the sentence it forms is, of course, 'Is a bell a pea?' I wonder if any other readers have ever noticed curious names of this sort?"———I wonder!

"Is 'Mikado' the Japanese for Emperor, and is that the way he is addressed?" asks O. T. R.——— No, it means "Exalted Gate," and is the same sort of expression as "Sublime Porte" in Turkey. In the East they have an exaggerated way of speaking of monarchs. The actual style of addressing the Emperor of Japan is not "Mikado," which is just flattery, but "Tenno-Hei-Ka," or "His Imperial Majesty."

READERS will be interested to know that Lord Roberts, the Lord Mayor of London, and Lord Charles Beresford have given their patronage to the great matinée at the Tivoli in aid of the FRESH AIR FUND. Lord Roberts has conveyed to the promoters of the F.A.F. an expression of his "entire sympathy with the movement" for giving the children of the slums a summer's day in the open air. All the stars in London will aid in making the performance a triumph. The matinée takes place on March 25th.

S. D. is engaged to a girl who is very pretty except for a large mouth. He asks me if this obnoxious feature is the sign of any good quality.——— It is more to be trusted than the rosebud mouth so raved about by story writers. All the statues of Venus—that weak, vain, and supercilious type of beauty—have small, rosebud mouths. No, S. D., as you are about to marry the girl, you may be reassured on that subject. The odds are in favour of the large mouth.

YENDALL, writing from Cardiff, says: "The other day a fellow clerk and myself had occasion to board a tug at 9.30 a.m. and proceed down the Channel to meet an incoming ship. About one o'clock I happened to look at my watch and found that it had stopped at 12.30, and upon asking my companion for the time, we found that his watch had stopped ten minutes after mine. Both watches were wound up, and had not only been going for months before, but have been going quite well ever since. We experienced no shock of any kind which would be likely to affect the watches. Do you think that the sudden change of atmospheric conditions could have been responsible for this peculiarity?"——— What have my scientific readers got to say?

W. W. H. writes: "A friend came up to me the other day and gave me the following sentence to read: 'I gave to the girl two apples.' When I had read it he said: 'Now, if you were explaining that there were two "two's" in it, how would you write it?' Of course, I wrote it in the same way as I have written this. But he says it is wrong."——— Well, to begin with, there are not two "two's" in the sentence, but only one "to" and one "two," so that you cannot say there are two "to's" or two "two's." At the same time, it is a two to two chance that you wouldn't give to the girl two apples, but would keep one to eat yourself, too. But all this is too, too. Let's get on to something more exciting.

"WHY don't we send our generals to different countries with which we may be at war, so that they may study for themselves the strategic positions? How much better it would have been in South Africa if we had done so!"———As a matter of fact, those generals who "knew the country" were by no means the most successful in the late war. Two at least, Generals Kitchener and French, were new to the country, and there were many others, while those who had already won reputations in South Africa returned with indifferent glory. It may be a fact that too close knowledge of a country in war makes a general over-cautious, and too fearful of risking his men, whereas one unfamiliar with a country tries experiments with often great success. Apart from that, it would be interesting to know what the Germans, Russians, or Americans would think if they met British generals furtively making sketches and taking notes in different parts of their countries. Such information as we are able to get as to the conditions likely to obtain in the event of war with a foreign Power is officially ascertained by our military attachés, while, of course, we employ the necessary number of spies to find out other things of interest. If we started sending generals, we might precipitate war in no time.

READERS of *P.W.* at Reading are now to have an opportunity of witnessing *Shadowed Lives*, the dramatised version of "Fettered Lives." The piece has been having a regular triumphal procession. It will be on for a week at the County Theatre, Reading, starting on Monday, March 23rd.

SEVERAL thousands of letters and postcards have been sent to me from readers who have been impressed with the excellence of the new serial story, "LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP." It is, of course, only natural that I should consider the story an excellent one, otherwise I should not have accepted it; but as I feel that those who are still in doubt as to whether to start the story would like to hear the independent opinions of some of their fellow readers, I publish a few of them here:

Have read the first fourteen chapters of your new serial, "Life's Great Handicap," and am pleased with the pithy nature it contains. Am convinced the story will be enjoyed by the majority of your readers, as good trump cards occasionally appear, keeping the pleasure cup up to boiling pitch; and doubtless will deserve to be placed amongst the "top weights" of serials.—F. H. (Bradford).

Your new serial story, "Life's Great Handicap," is the best story I have read. It is something fresh and genuine, and I think everybody who has read the first two parts thinks so too.—C. F. W. (Brixton).

I must say how interested I am with the new serial, "Life's Great Handicap." The story is one I can picture as I go along, and enjoy it as I would a play at the theatre, it is so clearly written and not too heavy. The characters are good, and their names easy to remember. I must say that I felt rather sorry that the young heir (Reginald Dreighton) acted so rashly so early in the tale; but, of course, it adds to its interest. I may mention that I have an idea that Mlle. Margaret de Fèvre will turn out to be the mother of May Cory. I have told several of my friends about "Life's Great Handicap," and they have since procured copies of *P.W.*, so I hope it will run on just as full of interest.—W. H. (Cardiff).

For the first time in my career I was advised to read your new serial. Previously I was either biassed or had no inclination for such. I can now say that, having read the first three instalments, I am more than delighted, and have made up my mind to see it through. Trusting that an equal amount of "go" and interesting excitement will be manifested in the succeeding chapters.—J. T. (Liverpool).

I am a new *P.W.* reader. "Life's Great Handicap" is the brightest and most fascinating story I have ever read. Shall not be satisfied until I run it to earth.—A. W. (London, W.).

I am delighted with the new story, "Life's Great Handicap," and consider it exceedingly well written and very fascinating and interesting.—E. J. S. (West Norwood).

I think your story, "Life's Great Handicap," a very thrilling and interesting serial. There is a considerable amount of violent passion shown by some of the characters, especially Reggie. Again, the love shown by his sister Violet is a thing which is decreasing in our families, and also the unscrupulous lover Templeton, his underhand dealing being a special feature of everyday life. I think the combination of passion and love should make the story very successful.—R. M. (Alloa, N.B.).

Your splendid serial far surpasses any appearing at present, but *Short Stories'* serial is also very good. Now I hope it will continue good.—R. W. P. U. (Bedford).

£1,000 INSURANCE.

479 Claims already paid, including one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** to the extent of **£1,000**—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1860.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1860, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 23 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature .....

Available from 6 p.m., Thursday, March 19th, 1903, until midnight, Friday, March 27th, 1903.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"THAT'S FROM *P.W.*!"

A Sign of Big Business!
"MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEES SOLD HERE."

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

"ISN'T IT DELICIOUS? IT'S MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE."

HAS THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. INSIST ON HAVING MACKINTOSH'S. STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. IF YOU LIKE OUR EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE, TRY MACKINTOSH'S OLD FASHIONED TREACLE TOFFEE.

Manufactured only by J. MACKINTOSH Ltd., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX

GRAMOPHONES
BAND AND SOLO INSTRUMENTS, PHONOGRAPHS, MUSICAL BOXES, ACCORDIONS, etc.
GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.
DOUGLAS & CO.

40/- SUIT FOR 13/3
At our establishment offer we will make any [illegible] CLOTHING TRUST
Dept. B, 22 Gloucester Palace Street, Lambeth, S.E.

Kapulina
THE SAFE remedy
FOR HEADACHE & NEURALGIA
SAFE, SPEEDY, EFFECTIVE.
CURES IN TEN MINUTES.

MERLIN CYCLES
TRAVELLING & HIGH GRADE £10 10s. Cycle for £5 15 0. Free Wheel and Backpedal Brake.
VALUE Second Hand Guaranteed Pneumatic-tyred Cycles for £3 15 0.
Write fly, as we always send, no matter what price or cycle.
[illegible]

6 CABINET PORTRAITS 3s.
C.O.D., 1/6; 2/ Stamps, 1/6, 100 for 10/; 8 in. Enlargement, 2/-, 20 for 3. Permanent Enlargement, 4/-. Send Photo and Postal Order to FRANCIS [illegible], 7a, Lingham Street, London. Est. March 1888.

2/6 SUITS To Measure.
[illegible] SMART SUIT, 21/- [illegible]
MACKINTOSHES FROM 15/- [illegible]
R. O. UNE & CO., The Popular Tailors, 241 Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.

One Grade only—This year.
PREMIER CYCLES £12 12s. [illegible] £1 1s. [illegible]
List Free. Prem'or Works, [illegible]
London Depot, 29 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

[illegible] MANUFACTURERS
[illegible] £5 19s. 3d. CASH. [illegible] 4/- [illegible]
SYNCHRONIC WATCH CO., LTD.
SUPERLATIVE SPECIFICATION
Gold Watches Lever and Special Transmission
THE LONDON & MIDLAND SUPPLY CO., LTD., [illegible] High Holborn, London, W.C.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.
[illegible]
E. Gerringe & Co., 60a Dept., Nottingham.

MARTIN'S APIOL and STEEL PILLS are sold by all chemists throughout the world, or post free 4/6 MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

Old False Teeth Bought.
Many people have old or disused false teeth. Messrs. E. D. & J. B. Fraser Ltd., of Princes Street, Ipswich (established 1815), buy old false teeth. If the dental practitioner to whom they [illegible] teeth you have worn, or to them direct, [illegible] if genuine, they will make you the best offer and hold the teeth over for your reply. The largest and oldest buyers of old false teeth in the world.

SHORT STORIES, 1d. Weekly.

"The Dark Night flies" before Welsbach.
The combination of the new Welsbach-Kern Burner, and Welsbach Mantle yields the cheapest and most perfect light.
A MARVEL OF ECONOMY. WELSBACH LIGHT
Gives the light of 4 ordinary Burners at one-third the cost.
All Genuine Mantles bear the Trade Mark "A U R."
All Stores and Ironmongers sell them.

A BIJOU KODAK DEVELOPING MACHINE FOR BROWNIE KODAK FILMS.

THE BROWNIE DEVELOPING MACHINE.
PRICE 10/- ONLY.
Larger KODAK Daylight Developing Machines, 26/- and 33/- each.
Develops No. 1 and No. 2 Brownie Kodak Films in DAYLIGHT, or ANY LIGHT, ANYWHERE.
No Handling the Films.
No Stained Fingers or messy processes. A Child can use it.
NOW ON SALE BY ALL DEALERS, OR ON
KODAK Ltd., 41-43 Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale and Retail Branches—96 Bold Street, Liverpool, & 72-74 Buchanan Street, Glasgow. Retail Branches—59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford Street, W.; 171-173 Regent Street, W; & 40 Strand, London, W.C.

Efficiency

[illegible] that in all [illegible] the best [illegible] number. [illegible] equally so [illegible] ailments [illegible] a serious [illegible] remedy should be indicated. Experience proclaims that such a [illegible]

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Their efficacy in regulating the [illegible] Kidneys, and correcting morbid [illegible] doubt. For more than half-a-century [illegible] Family Medicine in hundreds of thousands of [illegible] disease and physical discomfort threaten health [illegible] is not only unquestioned, but has become [illegible]

BEECHAM'S PILLS are EFFICIENT

In promoting Digestion. In improving the Appetite.

In cleansing the Stomach.

In arousing a sluggish Liver. In regulating the flow of Bile.

In purifying the Blood.

In assisting the Kidneys. In dispelling disease.

In inducing peaceful slumber.

IN FACT Beecham's Pills may be termed the friend in need of the human race, and the vast benefit they have been to many thousands, during long years, has earned for them the unique reputation of being